THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

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The Gist of It

IN this column, to which JOHN PALMER GAVIT has no ticket of admission, it can be told that he is the author not only of The Father of His Country (page 615) to which his signature is attached, but also of the articles on the shoemaker Bat'a (page 623), the Little House at Lany (page 633), the Torch of Komenský (page 637), Dr. Beneš (page 645), and Fifty Centuries Vertical (page 650). Survey Graphic has once published an issue illustrated entirely by one man. But never before has it tried the experiment of an issue practically all written by one man—a young book in volume, a journalistic tour de force in style, a series of vivid biographies in form—all centering on the eightieth birthday this month of that gentle scholar turned forceful administrator, President Masaryk, and the tenth anniversary of the day when the Bohemian dreams of centuries came true in the adoption of the Czechoslovak Constitution. Mr. Gavit is, as all readers of Survey Graphic know, associate editor in charge of foreign service, and secretary of Survey Associates. Back of that lie his solid years of newspaper work—as chief of the Associated Press in Albany, Washington and Chicago; as managing editor of The New York Evening Post during its outspoken days; as a free lance, with the League of Nations and all the other international bodies centering at Geneva, as his beat.

THE art pages of this issue, in common with those of the past two years, are the work of FLORENCE LOEB KELLOGG, associate editor, treasure trove of a hot week of mid-August spent in the galleries, print-shops and public buildings of Prague.

IT was as a resident of the University of Chicago Settlement and in the household of MARY E. MCDOWELL, the headworker, that Alice Masaryk had her introduction to the American social work which she has introduced on so wide a scale as head of the Czechoslovak Red Cross. Miss McDowell writes of those early days in Chicago and of her visits to the President and his daughter since they were called back from exile to be the leaders of their people. Page 630.

FIRST among the domestic articles which give balance to this issue comes one which has its roots in our special of last April: Unemployment and Ways Out. The editor of that number, BEULAH AMIDON, has been carrying on two pieces of swift staff inquiry which swing the circle of this winter's vicissitudes: this month, Toledo—A City the Auto Ran Over: what may be in store for a community when old hire-and-fire methods hang over into mass production whether of autos, radio or other utilities. Next month, Ivorydale—A Town That Floats—with its guarantee of forty-eight weeks of work a year. These two articles from the field dramatize the contrast in the fortunes of American wage-earners this winter. They etch a vivid picture of unemployment and its consequences, and bring out in high relief the human and industrial values of regularization. For Toledo and Willys-Overland are not alone.

As chairman of the Unemployment Committee of the National Federation of Settlements, Helen Hall has been following the line of automobile production, raw materials, parts, the finished product—in Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Pontiac, Flint, Detroit. Our April Graphic will carry her findings and a ringing challenge by Senator Couzens of Michigan. Last April's number dealt with Unemployment in prosperity; this April's sheaf of articles will tell of it in a period of depression, when family life is disrupted, men's morale grinds dismally along in low, family welfare agencies work day and night as they did in war-time, people are actually hungry and cold, through no fault of their own, here in the richest country in all history.

WILLIAM BOLITHO was guest of the evening at an after-dinner meeting of Survey Associates to discuss Gangsters, with Grover Whalen, police commissioner, Dr. George W. Kirchwey, former warden of Sing Sing, and Jane Hoey of the new Crime Prevention Committee of the New York Police Department, as speakers. Prof. Frederic W. Thrasher, author of The Gang, William Lewis Butcher and others took part in the informal discussion. Two hundred and fifty members, readers of Survey Graphic and guests, were present at this first of several after-dinner meetings. The next will be at 8 o'clock the evening of March 7, the birthday of President Masaryk, and among the speakers will be John Palmer Gavit, editor of this number. There will be Czechoslovakian singing and dancing, and refreshments at 10. All readers of Survey Graphic are invited to send in reservations: $1 to members, $1.50 to regular subscribers or guests. Through the courtesy of the Henry Street Visiting Nurse Service, these after-dinner meetings are held around the big open fire at 99 Park Avenue.

THE design by OTTO GUTFREUND [see pp. 648, 649] on the cover of this issue, the small state seal of Czechoslovakia, shows the lion rampant of Bohemia bearing on his breast the device of Slovakia, three bosses topped by the patriarchal cross. The larger coat-of-arms bears also the shields of the three other districts which combine to make the new nation, Moravia, Silesia and Ruthenia.

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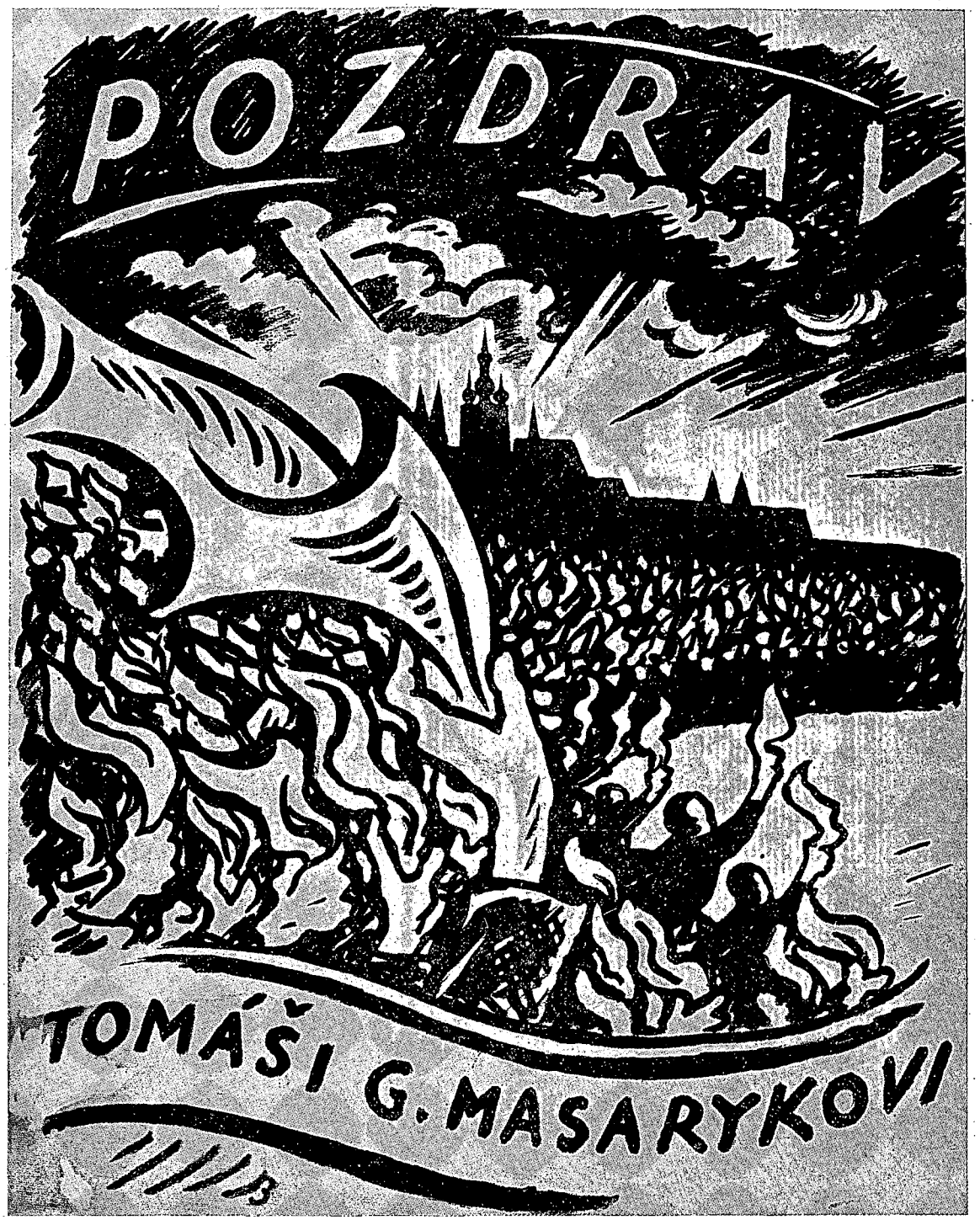

HAIL, MASARYK — Placard by V. H. Brunner

October the twenty-eighth, nineteen hundred and eighteen,
Having severed the talon which clutched me,
Talon of a bird which dubbed itself eagle, but was a vulture,
I, the Czechoslovak nation, took my stand
Among the free nations.

—*Stanislav Karel Neumann*

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THE SURVEY

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Eighty Years of Masaryk

TWO anniversaries just now coinciding, justify the group of articles which occupy the greater part of this issue of Survey Graphic. If there were a 29th of February this year, it would be the tenth anniversary of the Constitution of Czechoslovakia. There is no such date, and to be limited to a quadrennial birthday would be hardly fair to the most advanced, most prosperous, altogether the most interesting, of the new states from the World War and the break-up of old Austria-Hungary. It was to obviate just such an injustice that Robert Louis Stevenson in 1891 transferred to Annie H. Ide of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, thus afflicted, "all and whole my rights and privileges in the 13th day of November, formerly my birthday, now, hereby, and henceforth, the birthday of the said Annie H. Ide, to have, hold, exercise and enjoy the same in the customary manner, by the sporting of fine raiment, eating of rich meats, and receipt of gifts, compliments, and copies of verse," etc.; in case of her default the rights to go "to the President of the United States of America."

ALL through the year, from January to January, there are days significant of the steady march toward Czechoslovak independence. Indeed, there are dates in several earlier years which might be celebrated—beginning as early as August-September, 1914, when the Russian czar, as titular head of the Slavic world, received a Czechoslovak delegation, and issued his provocative appeal to the peoples of Austria-Hungary. The accepted sentimental birthday of Czechoslovakia is October 28, 1928, when the revolution, centering in Prague, definitely declared and began the establishment of the independence, as one national entity, of the Czechs of Bohemia and Moravia and the Slovaks of Slovakia; to whom the peace treaties added the people of Sub-Carpathian Ruthenia, along with Germans in a part of Silesia and a lot of Hungarians, Poles and others happening to live within the included territory. In 1928 the decennial was celebrated with appropriate exuberance.

THERE is beyond question a 7th of March, this year the 80th birthday of Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, now in the third year of his third successive term as President of that new country whose existence crowns the work of his eventful life. History we believe will recognize him as one of the great figures—perhaps the greatest—emerging from the welter of our time. It was to see and describe him in his own setting that John Palmer Gavit, one of the associate editors of Survey Graphic, journeyed to Topolčianky in Slovakia, taking advantage of the opportunity to bring together other material for an understanding of this new country erected on old foundations.

So here are the panels for a mural series: Masaryk himself, in his own person embodying the "unconquerable ideal" —*"Pravda víteži*: Truth Conquers"; the shoemaker Baťa, representing the impact of western industrialism upon predominantly agricultural civilizations; Alice Masarykova, a new sort of "crown princess" in a republic inspiring the homes which will impress the coming generations; Beneš, interpreter to and from his country of the new international spirit. And behind them all centuries of eventful history as a vivid and moving background for Masaryk's Czechoslovakia.

Shields of Moravia, Slovakia, Bohemia, Silesia and Ruthenia form the coat-of-arms of Czechoslovakia

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T. G. Masaryk
26/IX '27.

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The Father of His Country

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

AMID the crashing end of the World War—I think it was the 12th of November, 1918, the very day of his triumphant departure for Europe after the Armistice—it was my privilege to sit at a very small luncheon in New York City with Dr. Thomas Garrigue Masaryk. I knew little about him; only that he was the central figure in the vision of a new nation to be made out of some of the fragments of that old nightmare of tyranny, blood and tears—Austria-Hungary—festering infection-focus for most of the wars of our time and especially of that unimaginable one then smashing to its close. The central figure, first signer of the Czechoslovak Declaration of Independence, issued at Washington only a few days before, and now at the point of sailing for home to become the first president of "Czechoslovakia"—a new name in the galaxy of nations.

Nothing about the man suggested the vital part he had been playing and still more was to play in the sequence of the world's catastrophe; its antecedents and the reconstruction then not yet begun. What most impressed me was his simplicity of appearance, dress and manner; the absence of any sense of self-importance or self-consciousness. He might have been a country doctor. If I had known that he was primarily a scholar and philosopher, a teacher of quiet tastes and literary pursuits, I should have said, "He looks it."

He looked then much as he looked almost exactly eleven years afterward when, a few weeks ago—October 6, to be exact—I spent a long Sunday morning with him in the beautiful garden of the old castle at Topolčianky (pronounce it Topol-tschianky) in Slovakia, now used as the "Summer White House" of the president. It used to belong to the Habsburg Archduke Joseph.

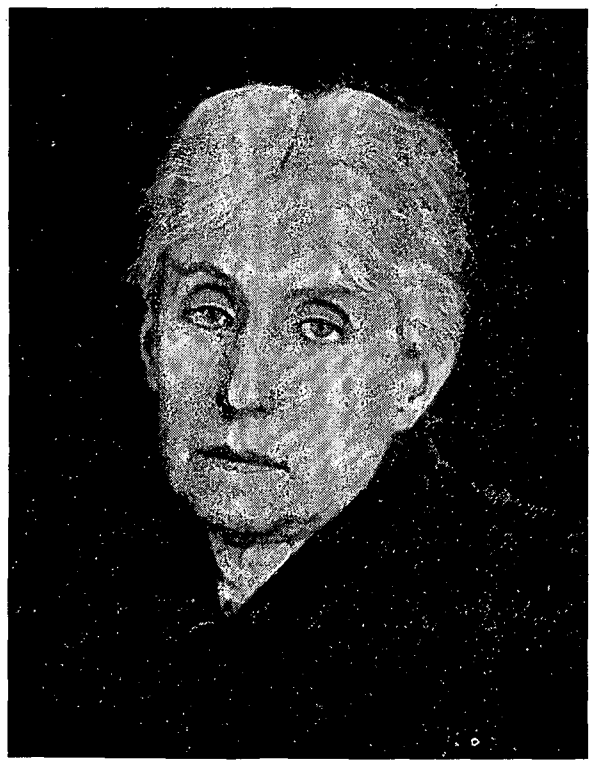
My 1918 memory of that quiet man was gray, and it was a gray figure that greeted me in the garden, where he had been walking alone. Gray suit, gray felt hat with the soft brim bent down over his eyes. He is *whiter* now than in 1918; but no less clear-minded, clear-eyed, straight-standing, firm-stepping. Tall—over six feet I should guess—slender, with well-shaped, prominent forehead; sharp, longish but finely-modeled nose; brown eyes, piercing but altogether friendly, and twinkling with irrepressible sympathetic humor. An intermittent, sudden, punctuating smile, often broadened into a real grin at some joke, his or mine. His mouth is somewhat large, with rather protruding teeth; but both are hidden by a heavy drooping white moustache, and what I should expect to find a strong chin, is covered by a pointed white beard.

His English is almost perfect, with only a slight "foreign" accent and inflection; his ample vocabulary only seasoned by an occasional hesitation for a word. He is at home like that in half a dozen languages. He speaks with deliberation, at times pausing altogether with a suggestion of reverie, as if something in the deeps of mind called, over the immediate. Nothing like absent-mindedness, or disdain of mundane things; on the contrary, I had a vivid impression of a man very concretely interested in Here and Now. But I felt constantly that his inner eye, out of eighty years of observation and reflection upon profound stabilizing experiences, was appraising his world by standards not ephemeral.

HE is an inveterate horseback-rider, and his interest in all manner of out-of-door activity is proverbial. To him and his unfailing encouragement, more perhaps than to any other single influence, is due the great popularity and power of the Sokols, the great fellowship of athletic societies, akin to and no less a part of the social fabric than the Turnverein of Germany. The most popular of the innumerable photographs of the President show him in the saddle, a competent upsitting figure in the riding-costume and visored cap which constitute his most familiar dress. Indeed, it was so on the evening of our arrival that he came in to dinner, fresh from a ride, throwing his cap upon a chair as he came forward to greet us. There was little of apology in his remark to my wife:

"So much time is wasted, changing clothes."

After the dinner—notably simple yet ample and delicious; including by the way, turkey in our honor—there were "movies." They have them two or three times a week at Topolčianky—and for aught I know at Prague as well—and all the household attends. The President sat between us, interpreting the reading-matter, which of course was in Czech. The film was an American wild-West thriller, and the President wallowed like a boy in all the impossible blood-and-thunder. What appealed to him



CHARLOTTE GARRIGUE MASARYK

"Without her I should never have seen clearly either the sense of life or my own political task"

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most was the riding; the trained horses, the mad galloping, the cowboy recklessness. He wanted to know if they really wore those "chaps," and why.

HIS heart is that of a little child. With complete *naivete* he said to me indiscreet, unpublishable things—personal and family and political. I do not flatter myself that he trusted me especially—he knew nothing to warrant that; it was simply that it never occurs to him to be other than candid and straightforward, saying what is on his mind.

Completely oblivious of any glamor of political distinction or of the universal adulation approaching the quality of worship, he seems to regard show and trappings and ceremonial, and the precautions for his personal protection, with a mixture of amusement and irritation. He likes personally the soldiers posted about his dwelling-places, but dislikes the fact that they are deemed necessary.

"Do you see that fellow?" he asked me, indicating a stocky man in plain clothing, carrying a formidable cane, standing a little way off among the shrubbery. Yes, I had noticed him; he had regarded me intently as I approached the President. "Secret service, as we call them at home?"

"That's it. I can't go anywhere without them. It is a great nuisance."

Then with huge delight he told me how once in the United States, about to leave a hotel where he had been guest of honor, he espied outside a detachment of "mariners" (I suppose he meant marines) ready to salute him, and popped out by a side door.

"Maybe they are waiting there yet," he chuckled.

He went on to recall another occasion in Petrograd, during bullet-flying times of 1917, when he eluded an escort by slipping into a doorway.

"I couldn't see how he could stop a bullet that was looking for me, and I wanted to walk by myself. A great to-do was going on when I came back alone."

After he was elected President he tried to have a quiet lunch with an old friend in a back street of Prague, as in old times.

"It was impossible. When I came near the place I found an escort, and a crowd. I couldn't be just myself with my friend as of old." And he added, sadly, "Perhaps I never can be again."

But he is more than dreaming of release at length from all this, perhaps when his present term ends, four years from now. I saw his dream taking form in brick-and-mortar, at Bystrička (pronounced Bis-tritch-ka), a tiny village ten minutes by automobile over an unspeakable road out of Svatý Martin in northwestern Slovakia. They are rebuilding completely the house where the family used to go in summer—"in the village of my childhood," as Alice Masarykova says. There is a long garden there, and an orchard of plum-trees. At the end of it, raised above the low wall, there is a summer-house, from which you can look down the valley, and off at hills higher than those that horizon Topolčianky. He dreams of walking in that garden, after he has laid down the cares of state, and of being again "just myself with my friends as of old." Of being free, living quietly among his books at Bistryčka, among the Slovak hills.

He dreams of being "just myself with my friends as of old"

ALMOST the first thing he said to me after his first greeting was provoked by my characterizing Czechoslovakia as "a fighting outpost of democracy."

"Nothing can stop democracy now," said he. "The passion for self-government is unquenchable. Think of the change. Before the war France was the only great republic in all Europe. Four-fifths of mankind lived under monarchy. Today, including the two largest states—Germany, Russia—there are eighteen republics."

Luminously, as repeatedly in his writings, he defined democracy:

"Democracy means self-government, which means self-control, and that begins at home. A democratic republic is a matter of principle; it does not mean simply replacing a monarch by a president. Democracy is the political form of modern organization, of the modern outlook, of the modern man. We have to abandon all violence, and break with the old political habits. To proclaim and to practice the equality of all the citizens, to recognize that all are free, to uphold inwardly and outwardly the human principle of fraternity is as much a moral as a political innovation.

"The essential problem is whether the big nations, homogeneous in language and culture, which hitherto have been able by force to impose their will, and have tried to impose their culture, will recognize and respect the right of the small ones to their own individualities. I do not fear about it. The peace treaties did disappoint the victors and humiliate the defeated; but on the whole they established better conditions, and time is relaxing the tensions.

"The history of Europe since the eighteenth century proves that, given democratic freedom, little peoples can gain independence. The World War was the climax of the movement begun by the French Revolution, a movement which liberated one oppressed people after another, and now there is a chance for a democratic Europe; for the freedom of all her nations."

I did not need to ask him about Russian Communism or Italian Fascism. I had it in print in my pocket. Only a

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few days before he had said to Rudolph Olden of the Berliner Tageblatt:

"I am opposed to Communism. On the contrary, I believe that the hierarchical structure of society is both natural and necessary. I am not a democrat in the sense of thinking all people alike. Democracy means to me that each voice shall be heard and the right defended." And in his Making of a State, his own account of his part in the war, he says:

> I defend democracy against dictatorial absolutism whether the right to dictate be claimed by the proletariat, by state or by church. Absolutism does not consist in the existence of the monarch, but in his assertion of infallibility. . . . Democracy, say its opponents contemptuously, consists of perpetual compromise. Its partisans admit the impeachment and take it as a compliment. . . . Democracy, conceived as tolerant cooperation, signifies the acceptance of what is good, no matter from what quarter it may come.

Referring to his reiterated insistence that all forms of violence must be abjured, I might have asked him how that squared with his own very recent part in a successful revolution. I did not, because already I knew his answer:

> Revolution is justified in self-defense . . . when every other means to freedom has failed. But democracy does not mean perpetual revolution.

Masaryk is not a non-resistant pacifist. He does not agree with Tolstoy that "fewer people would be killed if attack were not resisted." Even if that were so—

> . . . the practical standpoint is that, if anybody is to be killed, let it be the aggressor. . . . Against doctrines like those of Tolstoy no other ethical principle can be invoked than that of the right of self-defense.

Masaryk is the embodiment of sympathy and understanding

ANY time you feel or hear that prosperous surroundings or antecedents of culture in the usual sense are indispensable to education, consider the case of this Masaryk, son of a Slovak serf; born and brought up amid exceeding poverty. His case is a good deal like that of Lincoln in that respect; still more like that of Michael Pupin, the Serbian peasant-boy. All three confirm my cardinal belief that you can account largely for almost any man if you really know about his mother. So, very soon after we sat down to talk in a little vine-clad summer house in the garden at Topolčianky, I asked him about her. She does not figure conspicuously — still less his father — in such of the somewhat scanty biographical sketches in English as I have seen, though many times he has avowed his indebtedness to her.

His respect for skilled work

His heart of a little child

"I should like to know more about her than that," I ventured. "It is what almost any man would say of his mother. What sort of woman was she?"

"My mother was a cook," he said; then added: "a good cook . . . a *thinking* cook."

She was a Slovak girl, named Terese Kropeček. His father too was Slovak. In an article published in Petrograd in 1917 the President denied specifically statements that his mother was partly of German descent. "I am pure Slovak," he said then, "without Magyar or German elements."

"My father didn't pay much attention to the children," he continued, in the garden. "It is to my mother's self-sacrificing love and ambition for me that I owe everything. My father had no education; he could read a little, but I think she taught him even that. In fact, I believe that she was teaching him at the same time that she was teaching me, before I went to school at all.

"You have heard, of course, of the 'freeing of the serfs' in Austria, about 1848. 'Serfdom abolished!' It didn't mean a thing; it was only words. Nothing really happened, nothing was changed. All the baseness, smallness, cruelty, remained. I was born about that time, in 1850, and in that atmosphere came into realization of things. The treatment of my father and others awakened in me a hatred of arbitrary authority that has never died.

"My mother, seeing and suffering these things, vowed that her children should not have to endure them. She knew that the main door of escape was through education, and from the beginning she tried to inspire us to seek it. Although we lived in poverty and drudgery, and so far as anyone could see were doomed to the like, her ambition for us had no limits, whether for our character or for the service we might render in the world. Through all the lapses, when I did not see ahead at all, or know even what I should like to do, her influence pushed me forward and upward.

"She had been trained in a German family, and could

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speak German well enough. I talked German sometimes with her. But mostly she spoke German only to God, in her prayers. She could not pray in any other language, and she used a German prayer-book. She was a fervent Catholic, of course; a deeply devout and conscientious woman."

Although by parentage pure Slovak, geographically Masaryk is, by a few miles, Moravian by birth: he was born almost on the border-line between Slovakia and Moravia, at Hodonin, which you can find on any fair-sized map, not quite half-way down on a straight line southerly from Brno to Bratislava. But if you were to see a list of all the little places where he lived in childhood—aside from his own travels in search of education and his life-work—you would need to remember that his father was a serf, virtually a slave, a hostler or coachman on the imperial estates, and that his place to live and work was not his to choose. It was the policy of the autocracy in controlling such as he to shift and scatter them from time to time, to forestall intimacies conducive to conspiracy. Even children had little opportunity to cultivate deep or lasting friendships. Mutual strangeness and suspicion among the people of whatever class or station are of the stock-in-trade of despotism. As Masaryk says, "In old Austria, we left the administration of the state to our masters, and quarreled merrily among ourselves."

He insists that he never was a precocious boy—"just a normal lad, full of play and irresponsible fun;" but the evidence is indisputable that intelligence and eagerness for knowledge marked him from his earliest days. He could not have been more than seven or eight when he made a sort of index of all the Austrian towns whose names he knew, and the hodge-podge of tongues—Czech, German, Magyar, Polish, Russian—with which he struggled, provoked even an effort to invent a common language. Because all the formal teaching was in German, he had to memorize; then his memory acquired, or demonstrated, its prodigious capacity. Because he towered above his fellows, even at nine, a visiting deacon suggested to his parents that he should become a teacher. To that end he was enrolled in a Realschule at Auspitz at the age of ten, and within two years was assistant to a music-teacher.

But the minimum age for entrance upon teachers' training was 16, and for that reason his career in that direction was all but sidetracked in a period of handicraft. He worked at one time for a locksmith, at another for a blacksmith. He liked these occupations because he liked to make things, to work in materials; he has enormous respect for those who work with skillful hands. "It is not enough realized," he said to me, "that handwork is of great educational value."

But all the time he had his passion for *books*—I cannot quite make out where he got it. He was forever wasting time peering in at the windows of bookshops, and tried in vain to get a job in one. One of the great tragedies of his life—even now he speaks of it bitterly—was when a roommate stole and pawned all of his pitifully slender store of books, including the battered old atlas in which he could find the far lands he hoped some day to see, but especially the names of villages which he had known as *home*.

One of his former teachers stumbled into him at the blacksmith shop, and rekindled the purpose to be a teacher. All this time the story was one of abject poverty, frequent hunger. He entered the gymnasium at Brno with only a few coppers in his pocket. "During that first semester I lived in unspeakable misery; but when it closed I stood at the head of my class." It was always so. His lust for learning dominated all the difficulties.

MASARYK is a teacher by instinct; embodiment of sympathy and understanding which is the mark of the great teacher. When I told him that I had been looking everywhere for signs of an education to fit the coming generation in Czechoslovakia for citizenship in the democracy which he and his fellows of the revolution were bequeathing to them, he pounced upon the question with a counter:

"Do you mean education, or schooling? They are not the same thing at all." I reminded him of his own remark in one of his books, that "a healthy brain is better than a school certificate," assuring him that my search was inspired by precisely that distinction.

"You have schools enough," I said. "It is what they are doing and the way they are doing it, that I have been asking about. Trying to find out whether in Czechoslovakia the schools are for the children, or the children for the schools." I tried chiefly to evoke his comment upon the importance of the earliest years, and to see whether he knew or sensed anything of the "modern" education of self-activity rather than instruction, as a means to that self-control which, as he said himself, must underlie democracy and "begins at home."

"I know well enough what you mean," he said. "We are coming to that. There are beginnings, experiments; I regret that I am unable to inform you about them in detail. I have been too much absorbed in politics to give as much attention as I should—" he spoke apologetically, as if to blame for not being omnipresent—"to the subject of education. My ideas are the same in general as yours, and they are true. We have much old tradition and inertia to overcome.

"We get our fundamental education regardless of our schooling. It is indifferent where you get your knowledge. To be sure, it is of advantage that the learning should be systematic and methodical, that we should know how to economize time and effort; that we should be guided to be accurate and thorough, and shown the sources of reliable information. Good teaching is better than self-teaching—provided it *is* good teaching. There is much bad and useless teaching.

His father was a serf, almost a slave.

"My mother was a cook," he said; then added: "A good cook—a thinking cook"

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They waste so much time!" He was laughing as he said this, and went on to tell me of a course he took once in the university, in which hours and hours—I think he said four hours a week for three months—were spent in owlish poring over poems of Catullus, meticulously studying the language, relation to the Greek, all about the author, the texts, the existing manuscripts, etc., etc., *ad nauseam*.

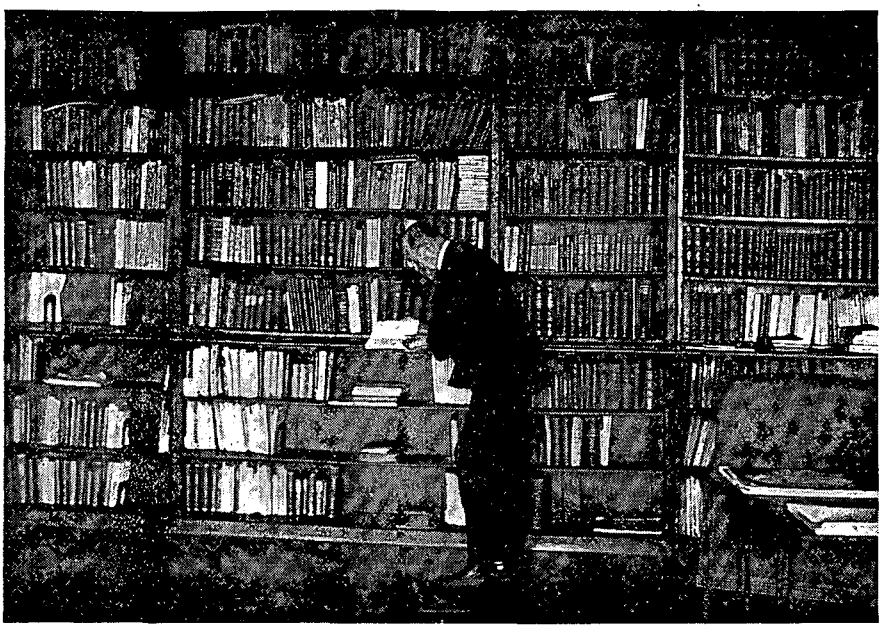
"I could read it in an hour!" he cried. "And all the other stuff, about it and about, if you wanted or by any possibility needed to know it, you could find out readily. When I realized that, I went home and pitched Catullus into the corner. And the poor fellow didn't deserve it!" He put back his head and laughed aloud. This, mind you, from a university professor!

"It is the little things that educate; that make the deep impressions. Experiences that do not seem much at the time. Things not in the books at all. I had one teacher who talked much about the bravery of the Romans. He impressed me very much. I visualized in him the intrepid soldier, the embodiment of all that valor. And then, when suddenly the official school inspector came, I saw this brave man cringe and fawn. I saw through him. He vanished ignominiously from my admiration; but not before he had taught me that actions are more than words.

"I was brought up a Catholic. I attended the priest at mass, and sang in the choir. There was a scandal, involving the priest and one of the village women. I was too young to understand what it was all about; but in the midst of the gossip and the whispering, of which the priest was quite aware, I heard him preach that even a man whose life-work was religion was, like others, prone to sin. It was the first suggestion to reach me, of the fact that outward ceremonies and professions do not necessarily mean goodness within. And I had begun to be troubled about the confessional—people getting reiterated absolution for continuing in the same sins."

Once he converted a Protestant woman into a good Catholic by use of arguments against Protestant heresies that he had read. He told me, indeed, that he first learned the arguments against Catholicism by reading books aimed to confute them. Long before that, however, when he could not have been more than ten, he discovered with astonishment that there were religions other than Catholic. He stumbled first upon the Russian (Greek) Orthodox, then upon Calvinism and the Protestants. So early was it dawning upon him that a question can have more than one side. Beginnings, perhaps, of that tolerant liberalism of which he is so shining an example.

"The laws of mechanics—I struggled with them in books. They meant little to me except a 'subject' in a book. And then one day a professor related them to the wheelbarrow. Now, I knew wheelbarrows: they were familiar utensils of my childhood; but it never had occurred to me that there would be any *laws* about such simple things. He told us to identify and explain the mechanical principles embodied in the wheelbarrow. Right away these principles came alive for me, came down to put their feet upon the earth and push wheelbarrows around. It related my study and my books to my life! Study is pretty useless if it doesn't do that. . . .



In the old royal castle at Prague and in his suburban chateau he has libraries of books on every subject under the sun

"I had a wooden horse and it got broken; split in the middle. I tried to mend it with glue, but it broke again. Then came trudging along what we called a 'wire-man.' What do you say? Yes, a tinker, looking for things to mend. He saw me struggling with my horse and showed me how to repair it, with wire pushed through holes bored in the wood and clinched at the ends. Ingenious use of simple resources, with brains and hands. Many kinds of people who could do things with their hands have been my teachers." He was looking at his own hands, fine sensitive hands, long-fingered, with which he used to make keys and horseshoe nails. I noticed the only jewelry that he wore: one plain gold ring—a wedding-ring.

"The world ends at your horizon. It is your task by every means to widen it. The peasant is shut in. He thinks there can be nothing of importance beyond *there*." He waved his hand toward the hills against the eastern sky. And right there I asked him to stand up, and photographed him, silhouetted against that horizon in Slovakia beyond which he has roamed so far and which he is doing so much to widen for his fellow countrymen. The bright October morning splashed him with sunshine through the overhanging roses.

The University of Vienna in 1919 presented to President Masaryk his original application of 1875, written in German, for admission to the examinations for his doctor's degree in philosophy. He went there in 1869, with the idea of preparing for the diplomatic service by study in the field of Oriental lore and language. Rejected for that, possibly because the Czechs were not welcomed to the diplomatic service, he registered with the philosophical faculty, and in that field has won his greatest scholastic distinction.

AS a teacher he has been universally beloved. He has the faculty of finding the way to hearts, and wears the native authority of greatness: self-control and poise, seasoned by a never-failing sense of humor. I think it was at the University of Vienna, but it may have been at Prague, that there was a great turmoil, impending riot and certain blood-

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shed, between the Czech students and the Magyars. Characteristically the Austrians constantly pitted the racial groups against each other. It was a Czech student of those days (now an American citizen) whom I met in Moravia, who told me this:

"We were all ready to tear those fellows to pieces, and they felt the same way toward us. We called a big meeting of the Czechs, to pump up racial pride and rage to the necessary exploding-point. We invited Professor Masaryk to speak to us. As he came upon the platform we gave him a mighty cheer, and then held our breath as he began, expected him to enrage us still further and tell us to 'Go to it!' Perhaps even he would himself lead us to the slaughtering. This is what he said:

" 'My advice to you boys is to go back to your rooms and to your studies. This rioting will get you nothing but trouble. We Czechs can win our independence only through education, and that is what we are here for. Let no one tempt you to neglect or forget that.' "

So that was that. The explosion went phutt, right then and there. Masaryk always has been disappointing the irreconcilables. That is characteristic of his writing, from his first published work in Czech in 1880, on Suicide: an Epidemical Social Phenomenon of the Modern World, to the last page of The Making of a State (1927), which more than any other of his authorship available in English embodies his whole philosophy, and to an extraordinary degree his very personality. See this, from the essay on Suicide:

Who redeemed mankind? Neither a politician, nor an economist, nor a socialist, nor a demagogue. It is really sublime, how in the political and social unrest of his time, Christ kept aloof from all politics. How easy it would have been for Him to win through political and socialistic agitation! He, however, demands the perfection of character, requires the deepening of feeling. He wishes people to become good, because he knows that only so will they find contentment for their souls.

He deeply incensed Czech chauvinism by this unremitting insistence that liberty is a means, not an end. From the great Czech teachers of the past, such as Komenský and Palacký, he drew authority for such words as these of 1885:

Independence cannot preserve or save any nation. The nation must preserve its independence. Morality and education will be our salvation. Even political independence is only a means to attain the righteous living of the nation.

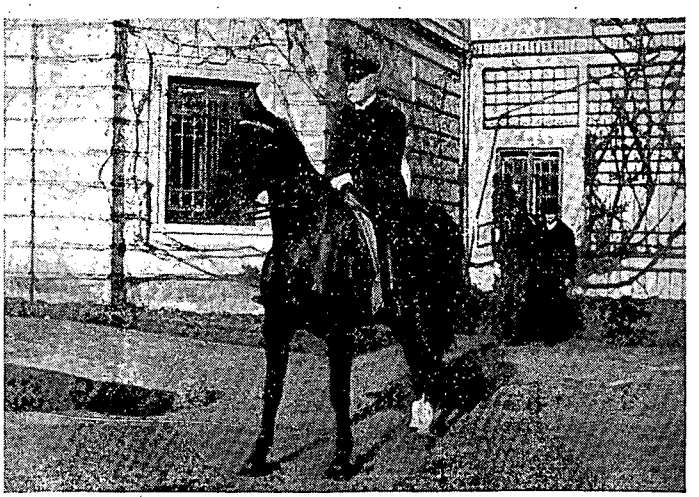
His passion for truth at all costs was responsible for his offense to the intense culture-pride of the Czechs by exposing the spurious character of the famous Czech manuscripts which for sixty years had been accepted as authentically "ancient." He conclusively demonstrated that while on their merits they had greatly influenced modern Czech literature they were in reality nineteenth century forgeries designed to support the claim of high culture in Bohemia in the Middle Ages.

"The world ends at your horizon. It is your task by every means to widen it. The peasant is shut in. He thinks there can be nothing of importance beyond there"

The conventional dislike and suspicion against Jews was bred into his childhood—I suspect that he still has to resist its sinister influence—but superior to that always has risen his instinctive hatred of falsehood and injustice. More than once he has taken occasion to defend a Jew. The most famous instance was about 1899, when he stoutly faced down the notorious "ritual murder" superstition in the trial of a Jew named Hilsner. A child-witness, keystone of the prosecution, could not withstand his appeal to truth and fair-play. His attitude infuriated the mob; but his whole temper has inspired the fabric of liberalism throughout the Slavic world. One of his first acts, within ten days after assuming office as president in December, 1918, was to annul an order for the expulsion of Jews from Bohemia. Repeatedly he has been accused of unduly favoring persecuted groups.

THERE can be few men in the world of more extensive or more omnivorous reading. His first real book, chosen by himself as the schoolmaster's gift when he went away to the Piarist Father's School at Hustapeč, was a version of the Swiss mystic, Johann Kaspar Lavater's famous Physiognomy, to which Goethe contributed a chapter. Incidentally he made himself more or less of a nuisance to his schoolmates by forever inspecting their features, skulls and hands to test the Lavater theories.

In the old royal castle at Prague, at the suburban chateau



He is an inveterate horseback-rider and his interest in all manner of out-of-door activity is proverbial

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at Lany a few miles outside of Prague (his real residence that, I should say), he has notable libraries. I saw particularly the very large one in the castle: it represents every subject under the sun and beyond.

"What does the President read?" I asked of Dr. Šcrach, one of his most intimate secretaries who was showing me this library.

"Everything—everything you can imagine, and some—"

"Some that I could not imagine?"

"Not quite so, but some—" he was a bit embarrassed—"some that you hardly would expect." His eye cocked involuntarily toward a long shelf. I looked. I wish I had made a list of the novels, mostly in English; a great and heterogeneous clutter, such as Edith Wharton, H. G. Wells, Galsworthy, Dickens, Mark Twain, O. Henry, George Moore, Uncle Tom's Cabin; many others, including detective stories.

So when I went down to Topolčianky I took with me from Vienna an armful of books.

"Other people will be sending to you solemn tomes," I said, as I handed the parcel to the President. "Here are some frivolous ones; just for fun. Detective stories, and—"

He grabbed them. His eyes gleamed as he inspected the titles. "I fear," he remarked, "that I shall be awake late tonight."

Next day he called my attention especially to four books that he had been reading lately: Warner Fabian's Unforbidden Fruit, Robert Keable's Simon Called Peter, Dorothy Canfield's The Homemaker, and They Still Fall in Love, by Jesse Lynch Williams. Then I had to tell him of Jesse Williams's death, only a few days before. He was sad about it, as if hearing of the passing of a friend. That is the way he feels about books and writers—they are to him living personalities. He sees in any novel more than the story—social life, moral reactions, aims, problems, habits of the people.

"The true picture of the Czechoslovakia of today will be written," he says, "not by historians but by the novelist. He gets under the skin of the people. It is through American story-tellers that I get to understand your people."

In some of his books I saw his own notations, on the inside of the covers and fly-leaves, and on loose sheets. Some were in English, some in German, others in Czech. I dare say I might have found some in French, Russian, or other of the languages that he knows. I remarked upon this. He looked puzzled, as if he hardly had noticed it himself. Then he called my attention to the fact that generally the comments were in the language of the book itself. Obvious enough!

"How is it," I asked, "that you seem equally at home in all these tongues? Czech and German—naturally; but English?"

"You forget: I married an American woman. English has been the language of our home."

"Yes; but Latin, and I dare say Magyar?"

So he told me. When he was only a boy, fourteen or under, in a place where formerly there had been a group of Jesuits, he found a number of books, mostly polemics against Protestant heresies. They were all the books he had, and they were heavily interlarded with citations from the Fathers of the Church—in Latin.

"I knew no Latin, so I could not understand the books. The priest loaned me a dictionary. It was in four languages: Czech, German, Magyar, and Latin. I memorized that dictionary, line by line, page by page, from A to Z. Even then I had no grammar, but the priest helped me. And so . . . simple enough."

Courtesy Publishers Photo Service, Inc.

A statue of the president by the sculptor Španiel, in the exhibition hall at Brno for the tenth anniversary of the republic

THAT home whose speech was English. Masaryk married in 1878, while teaching at Vienna, an American girl, Charlotte Garrigue, one of the eleven children of the then president of the Germania Insurance Company, resident in New York City. The family was, it is believed, of Danish and French descent, and allied to the English Garricks of theatrical fame. He had met her at Leipzig, where she was studying music. He called her "Charlie"—perhaps pronouncing it "Sharlie"—and adopted hers as his middle name. Through visits to her home in New York he began his first-hand acquaintance with America, although long before that he had learned to speak English.

His oldest son, Jan Masaryk, now Czechoslovak minister at London, followed his father's example in marrying an American girl, Frances, daughter of Charles R. Crane, formerly American ambassador to China. A second son, Herbert, already winning distinction as an artist, died early in the war, of typhoid believed to have been taken from the Polish refugees. Of his oldest daughter, Alice Garrigue, now his inseparable comrade, we are speaking elsewhere in this issue. Olga, the other (*Continued on page* 677)

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THE LEGIONARIES

We,
We all,
We are not retreating
We are advancing.—Jirko

Facade ornament on the Bank of the Czechoslovak Legions, Prague, by Jan Štursa, one of the outstanding sculptors of the younger generation, who died in 1925. This is one of four decorations, each a story in height. The bank building itself is the work of the modern architect, Josef Gočár

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BATA

The Shoemaker Who Stitched Mass Production Onto the Uppers of Feudalism

"Scarcity!"

IT was on a Sunday that we motored up from Topolčianky northward through western Slovakia; therefore we saw the village women, coming out of the churches and in the streets, predominantly in white with gay embroideries and skirts—all the varied coloring of the ancient native dress. And down in a mountain-pocketed hamlet called Čičmany[1] reached by a long detour over high passes and through forest-threading valleys where lonely little streams wind intricately, we chanced upon a funeral, of a child. The procession was almost exclusively of women in white—you might have thought them nuns but for the flecks of red in the costume characteristic of that locality. Our guide called our attention to the peculiarities of detail, and especially to the footwear, a kind of moccasin, home-made and exquisitely embroidered.

"But what about those?" I indicated *shoes,* on some of the younger women otherwise in the native dress—shoes of notably modish pattern, dainty, narrow-toed, high-heeled; distinctly suggestive of the boulevards. "Home-made?"

"No—Bat'a."[2]

Now, I was in fact on my way to visit this Bat'a. Second only to President Masaryk in the field of my curiosity was this man, wizard of at least the shoe-industry in all Europe, of whom, even in America, I had heard many contradictory things. I had crossed his trail in New York, Boston, Chicago, where Bat'a shoes are sold by Gimbel's, Filene's, Marshall Field's. I knew that he was the special target for our proposed new 10 per cent tariff on shoes. Before I sailed from New York there were transmitted to me from the National Boot & Shoe Manufacturers' Association excerpts from a book entitled Thomas Bat'a, the Uncrowned Dictator, alleging among other things that Bat'a's factories were ruled by military discipline; that army officers there put workmen into jail "with harsh privation" for days on end and fined them with incredible severity, for tardiness, staying away from work; even for unauthorized extension of convalescence after sickness. It was said also that he housed his workers in jerry-built structures likely to fall down at a touch; that in his factories he exploited little children. All sorts of labels were applied to him: "The Henry Ford of Europe," "heartless tyrant," "unfair competitor," "pirate," "utopian visionary," "more significant than Masaryk" . . . "the most glamorous figure in all post-war Europe." In Berlin he was denounced vehemently; I saw attacks upon him in the German Socialist newspapers; an article in the Berliner Börsen Zeitung (financial) declared that the German shoe industry was prepared to fight this fellow; accused him of violating merchandizing agreements with German shoe-dealers. I saw his name over shoe-stores in Hamburg and Berlin.

A face strikingly handsome and good-humored but alive with power

In Prague shop-keepers had told me that some day the retail merchants of Zlin (where Bat'a's plant is located) would rise in wrath against him because he had ruined their business by underselling them to his employes. Socialist and Communist labor people had assailed him to me as the arch-enemy of labor organizations—as generally a slave-driver. The voice of a German banker had trembled as he told me how Bat'a ignored the eight-hour law, and imprisoned his young women employes, forbidding them to be out after dark.

ON the face of some of this I discerned in advance sheer nonsense. I knew that one thing especially characterizing Czechoslovakia was a Socialist government aggressively solicitous about labor conditions, and especially strict about women and children. Anything however remotely suggesting military control over a body of civilian labor was offhand preposterous. And in general . . . well, for instance I knew of the failure of a group of American and English residents of Prague to arrange for the importation of their own favorite tobacco, even to the extent of having the government sell it to them at a handsome profit to itself.

"Nothing doing," said my informant. "The government refused to stand for 'anything that might deprive so much as the half of one workman of even a half-hour's pay.' That's Czechoslovakia on the labor question."

I wanted to see this man who single-handed could draw our tariff fire, put people in jail for coming late to work, and wring tears from a banker by overworking his employes!

And in Prague was his name, shouting at me from the dizzily white front of a big building just completing, directly across the wide Wenceslaus Square from my hotel. The facade was one of those glass-covered affairs increasingly prevalent now in European cities, illuminated after dark, a solid white glare from sill to eaves.

[1] Pronounce it *Tchitch-mahny,* remembering that all words in Czech are accented on the first syllable.

[2] Pronounced *Bott-ya.*

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Across the horizontal panels they were painting lines of advertising, beginning at the top with the ever-present Bat'a slogan, *Náš Zákazník—Náš Pán*: "Our Customer—Our Boss." Before the last panel was finished, they were washing out all the lettering on the building and repainting it—smaller. I could guess why; afterward I asked Bat'a himself about it. The reason: "What's the use of wasting your light on the back-side of great black letters when you want the whole front to glow?"

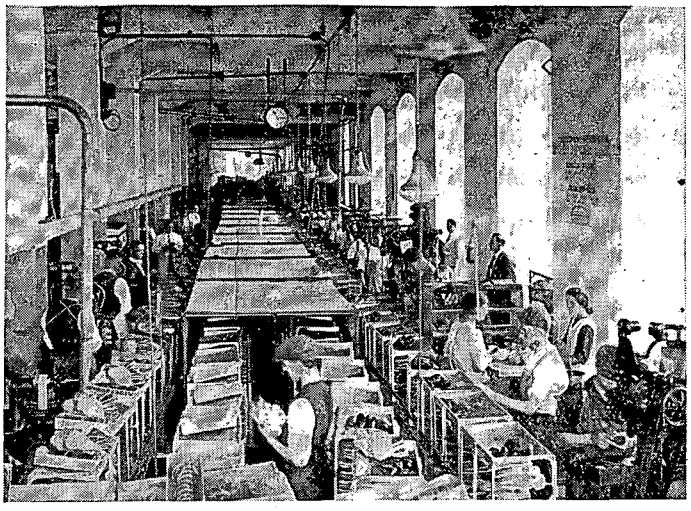
Out of curiosity I crossed to the new store. Within I found a group of men listening with anxious attention to one vigorously jawing them. A dominating figure he, of a bit more than medium height, with a head curiously narrowed and flat at the top, and a great scar denting between his eyes—a wagon-pole did that, smashing through the front of his automobile—a face strikingly handsome and good-humored but alive with power.

"Who is that?" I asked.

"That's Bat'a. Raising hell about something. He is never satisfied until the last detail is as he wants it; and nothing is too small to catch his eye."

I did not meet Bat'a then; he was too busy. For that I had to go to Zlin, which is on the eastern edge of Moravia, forty odd miles approximately east of Brno, but a complicated railway journey. A special Bat'a train goes back and forth from Prague, alternate days. Upon my writing to Zlin for an appointment there came to me in Prague Mr. Berty-Ženaty[1], Bat'a's liaison-officer and publicity-man. Czech by birth and education, yet he speaks American. He ought to, because he *is* American, by naturalization long ago and proud of it; but now on indefinite leave of absence from his American job with the electric light company at Rochester, New York. It is important that the reader should discount to his taste what I say, for the fact that while I have other information—some of it from sources bitterly hostile to Bat'a—at Zlin I was "personally conducted," and (speaking no Czech) could not go far beneath the surface, or behind what was told me there. I saw what I asked to see; every question that occurred to me, including some afterthoughts submitted by mail, was answered without hesitation, apparently with complete candor; I sensed no disposition to be either parsimonious of information or evasive; or yet to use me unduly for advertising propaganda.

[1] That Ž is pronounced like a soft J, or Zh.



An endless belt carrying a series of baskets, each containing a dozen pairs of shoes on which each worker in turn must perform his single monotonous operation

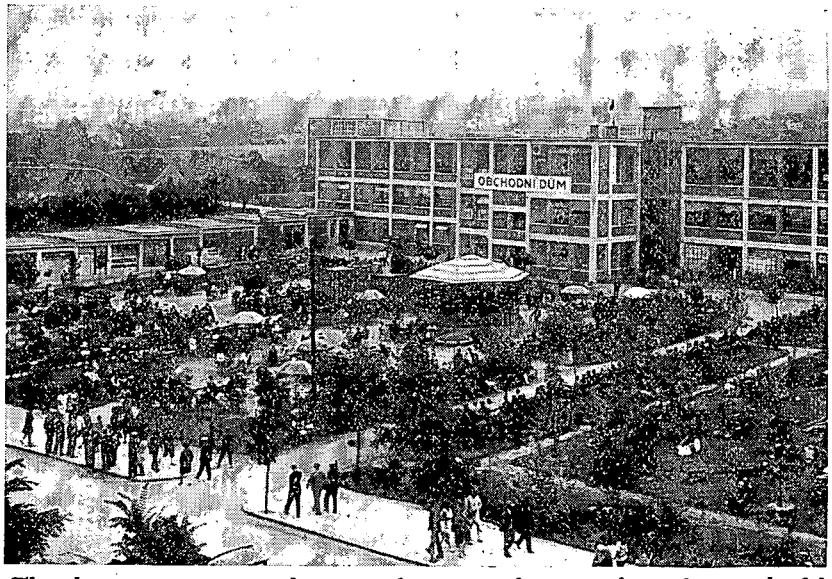
RIGHT off I taxed Berty-Ženaty with that military business. I wanted him to know that I should try for brass-tacks.

"What about this charge that army officers run your plant as a military despotism, and put men in jail for overstaying sick-leave, for shortage in output?" He never batted an eyelash.

"It is true," he said. "That happened, and lots of things worse than that. Courts-martial and unspeakably cruel punishments at the hands of army officers . . . *during the war,* before there was any such thing as Czechoslovakia; when the Bat'a works were part of the Austrian army, and Bat'a himself hadn't much more control over the place than you have now. You've been reading Rudolph Philipp's book, I see. It is full of things like that—some of them true to fact, but false all the same. Mr. Bat'a had opportunity to buy and suppress that book, but he told those who wanted to sell him their silence to go to hell.

"All sorts of charges have been made against Bat'a," Berty-Ženaty continued. "Generally he pays no attention to them; just goes on about his business. There is only one charge that 'got his goat;' cut him to the heart. He talks about it yet, with indignation and sadness. That one was made in a public meeting of shoe manufacturers in America; to the effect that he exploits the labor of little children. Of course it was absurd. Even if he wanted to do it he couldn't get away with it. The law against child labor is very strict, and the government watches us closely. He wouldn't want to do it. He is very tender toward the children."

I think I went into all parts of the plant at Zlin. I saw lots of children, hundreds of them—but they were in the big Masaryk school, which Bat'a has built and equipped, and over which he watches with solicitude. When it was building he said:



The department store where employes can buy anything from salt fish to baby carriages. On upper floors are lunch-room, cafeteria, kitchens, a movie theater. Outside the band plays during lunch hour

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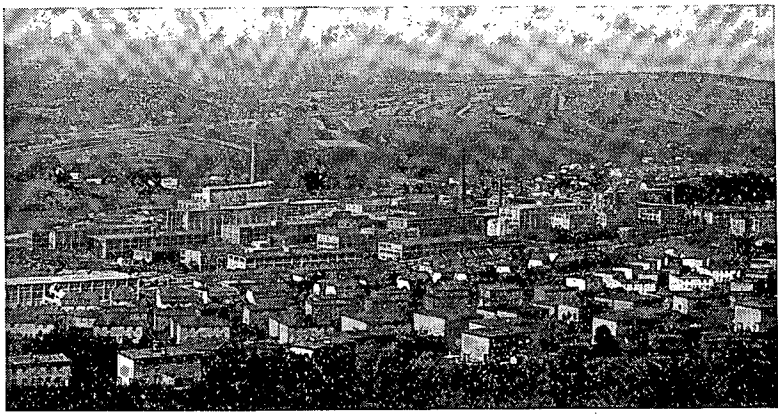
"We want the best possible school. Three things I care most about: there must be good ventilation, first-class toilet facilities, and plenty of water for cleanliness. Then we shall take care of the rest."

The director of the school is Dr. Stanislav Vrána. In preparation for the job he spent a year and a half in the United States, studying progressive educational methods, mostly in the eastern states. Baťa's purse seems to be behind Dr. Vrána together with instructions to create "the first and finest example of American school methods in Czechoslovakia." So far as my layman's eye can see, that big school with the countless large windows would compare favorably with any public school building in the United States.

BAT'A calls himself "only a shoemaker," and is content with the appellation, pretending to be and to know nothing else. But he will tackle any job if the other fellow's performance doesn't satisfy him. They told him it would take three months to replace one of his old factory buildings. He defied the contractors, studied out ways to cast whole structural units in concrete, etc. "Look at that crazy shoemaker," the contractors cried, "trying to teach us our business." But he had the building up in five weeks!



A yearly business of $35,000,000, a plant that has introduced American mass production in Central Europe, a policy of selling direct to the consumer, a feudal community of 12,000 factory workers in a modern setting

2,000 company houses with bathrooms and electricity renting at less than half the rate in the neighborhood—and no beer!

He was born in poverty fifty-four years ago (1876), right there at Zlin, of a long line of shoemakers, and he does know the shoe business, inside and out. Thousands of pairs of shoes he has made with his own hands.

"This place makes good the dream of my old father," he said to me. "Once we were outside the inn, wishing we had the money to go in and buy a drink and some bread and cheese. My father pointed to the one tall chimney in town—the sugar mill—and said, 'My son, some day you shall own a chimney like that.' So"—Baťa laughed, waving his hand toward the chimneys that he owns now—"here you have my father's dream come true."

One day when he was about sixteen he induced his father to let him go to Prague, a fabulous place which he never had seen, with sample shoes to sell and use as bait for orders. He walked most of the way, along the railroad, had stupendous adventures, sold all the shoes and returned with a lot of orders.

So it began. After his father's death, with his brother Anton and his sister, he continued and extended the business. Borrowed money in Prague. They had no business sense or experience; spent their receipts as they came in, when the debt fell due were bankrupt. A terrible downfall it was; but Tomas forthwith gripped the situation, got extended credit, studied accounting, and within a few months got them again on solid ground.

After a year or so they brought some machines from Germany. At the start all the processes were by hand. In 1904 he came to America, bringing with him a group of his workmen. They got jobs of different kinds in various factories, and after a year returned, via England and Germany, to Zlin, prepared to start the revolution which since has set the shoe industry of Europe by the ears. The war of course threw everything into confusion. The Austrian government commandeered the plant, and under military discipline daily production increased from something like 4,000 to more than 10,000 pairs a day. These were of course shoes for the army.

The close of the war and the collapse of the Austrian currency brought chaos; but Baťa, again in control, worried through and began the series of dramatically daring acts which ever since have characterized his operations. For one thing, he cut prices in two. That meant reduction in wages, but he got by, as repeatedly since. His tactics are simple; he appeals to his people: "We are going to have a bad time, but we can weather it if we stand together. You stand by me and I'll stand by you. Prices and wages must go down; but I guarantee that you shall not suffer."

His famous "fist poster" is a waymark of this strategy. "Scarcity!" He plastered Czechoslovakia with it. And to the purchase of flour, sugar, meat and what-not of necessities he turned his great resources of credit and purchasing power, replacing the cut in wages by sale to his people virtually at cost. They were satisfied—to them it was as broad as it was long. So has grown up the big department-store adjoining the factory, where his employes can purchase almost anything, from salt-fish to baby carriages. On the floor above are the enormous lunch-rooms, cafeteria and kitchens; above that the moving picture theater. And outside is the band stand, where the band plays during the lunch hour. Easy to comprehend the rage of the retail merchants!

But however the shopkeepers may feel toward him, Baťa is by popular election mayor of Zlin. To him is owing the fine and growing system of asphalt streets in the old town. A sidelight upon his tactics in dealing with people: old-timers protested against this new-fangled pavement in place of the old cobbles and dirt, on the ground that horses and cattle would slip on it. Baťa sent a delegation of them to see such pavement in use. That ended that.

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THE concern is nominally a partnership, under the title, T. & A. Bat'a, but I was informed that Tomas Bat'a now owns it outright as he does his shirt; the "A" was his brother Anton, who died. His resources have become so immense that he is able to finance his own doings; but I should expect to find his credit practically unlimited. As in the case of Henry Ford, the bankers sniff at him; they do not like people who can do big business without them.

In a way and to an extent dependent somewhat upon definitions, Bat'a may be regarded as a symbol, if indeed he is not the spear-head of ultra-modern western industrialism in Central Europe. Certainly he is that in Czechoslovakia, and most particularly with reference to the shoe industry. It is not a question of the quantity of output, or of the number of persons employed. Armies of human beings collaborated in the building of the Pyramids, and as far back of that in history as you please. Standardizing machinery turned out vast quantities of this and that before the days of either Henry Ford or Bat'a. Among the things conspiring to make this man a phenomenon extraordinary are at any rate these three: (1) he has solved the problem of applying the principle of mass production to the shoe industry in Europe; incidentally creating an unusual if not unique system of what you might call "cooperating competition" among his departments; (2) he has eliminated the middleman, deals directly with the ultimate consumer at successfully competing prices, the while discovering that "a satisfied customer is the best advertisement," and (3) hard-boiled dreamer that he is, he has created a curiously feudal community with an amazingly modern setting, for his 12,000 factory workers, in the town where he was born and where his father and his father's fathers for generations made shoes by hand.

IT had been the German conviction that American methods of "mass production" and "high-pressure salesmanship" were unsuited to Europe, and especially to the shoe industry. For a long time Bat'a himself was under this impression. It was, I think, more particularly the chaos of the war, the necessity of cutting to the bone to balance the destruction of purchasing-power, that forced the issue. I do not believe that American competition, or the competition of anybody else, the Germans especially, could have done it under pre-war conditions. After all, the index of prosperity is purchasing power, and the number of hours that a man must work in order to buy a pair of shoes at any price is the unit that must be considered. I do not know to what extent in terms of scientific economic theory Bat'a thought this out; suffice it that he knew costs must come down, that every detail of organization and method must contribute to that end.

The keystone of his structure is in his adaptation of the "conveyor system," operating in every stage of his process to which it can possibly be applied. It is obvious enough, as shown in the accompanying photograph of one form of it with the cooperating group at work. Simply an endless horizontal belt or platform, moving ceaselessly and carrying a series of open cages or baskets, each containing a number (ten or a dozen) of pairs of shoes, at a fixed rate of speed past the workers, each of whom in turn performs his one of the successive operations necessary to a completed shoe; and on all of the pieces in each basket before it gets past him. That's the whole story, and it applies to virtually all of the operations of the plant, from the raw material to boxing and transit of boxes into freight-cars.

I looked intently in one department after another for something I expected to see; that is, signs of over-strain; I realized that these people, mostly peasants—many of them from the remote villages of Slovakia and even of far-eastern Ruthenia—were attuned to the pace of the ox-team; that they had come from rural quiet and the babble of brooks into the incessant roar of machinery. I didn't see it; nor did the speed of the conveyors, the pace generally, strike me as excessive.

"Well, it is here—what you are looking for," said Berty-Ženaty, when I asked him about that. "People have come here and run away after a little while; couldn't stand the noise and the push. You will see that most of our workers are comparatively young; the old ones can't adjust to it. Perhaps it seems slow to you; but it is keyed up as fast as possible. Our people couldn't stand your American pace."

The crowd passing out through the gates at noon looked about like any other factory crowd. Some of the girls were in native costumes. The newcomers, I was told; after a little they would be wearing the city dress. And they would cut their long braids, too, and bob their hair. I tried to get some photographs, to illustrate both stages; but found that Mr. Bat'a himself forbade it. He deprecates any exploitation of this phase of the transformation in Czechoslovak life.

A STRIKING feature of the system by which Bat'a guarantees himself against loss, throws responsibility upon his workers clear down the line and keeps performance at a high pitch, lies in the way in which the departments are pitted against each other. Every one is an independent unit, a business by itself and on its own feet, competing with every other, buying from and selling to them at the best prices it can get; its acumen and industry intensely devoted to showing a profit rather than a loss. It is in competition even with the outside world. Berty-Ženaty told me for instance that he had the works newspaper, of which he is editor, printed outside for a time, because he could get it done cheaper than in the works printery. This set the latter to cutting costs in order to win back its own business. So it goes throughout the plant. Every effort is made to reduce storage room and expense, to get stuff in as raw material and out as finished goods with the utmost expedition and the least possible margin of goods on hand. If a department over-buys or lets stock accumulate, after a short time it must pay interest on the capital thus tied up. Production is always close on the heels of orders. Spoilage or error of any kind is ruthlessly traced back, and the loss goes against the department responsible.

All this conspires to locate painful sanction in the pockets of the competing groups and individuals. Mutual supervision is automatic. For example, in the production-groups, each member records his own performance on a form publicly posted in the department. Any over-estimate, inaccuracy or unfairness, intentional or inadvertent, thus will be instantly detected, and it obviates those controversies with distant uninterested accounting departments which characterize the usual method. Similarly, slacking and incompetency on the part of any individual spells loss in cash to all the other members of the group; it takes effect in *their* pay by lessening the "bonus" which is a division of the group or department profits. Every employe is under the eye, not of a boss who looks in occasionally, but of his immediate neighbors, who have a vivid interest in his performance as he likewise has in theirs.

(*Continued on page* 673)

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Fresh Fruit from Old Branches

Ceramics

Vlasta Dohnalová

Václav Vokálek

Jan Lauda

J. Horejc

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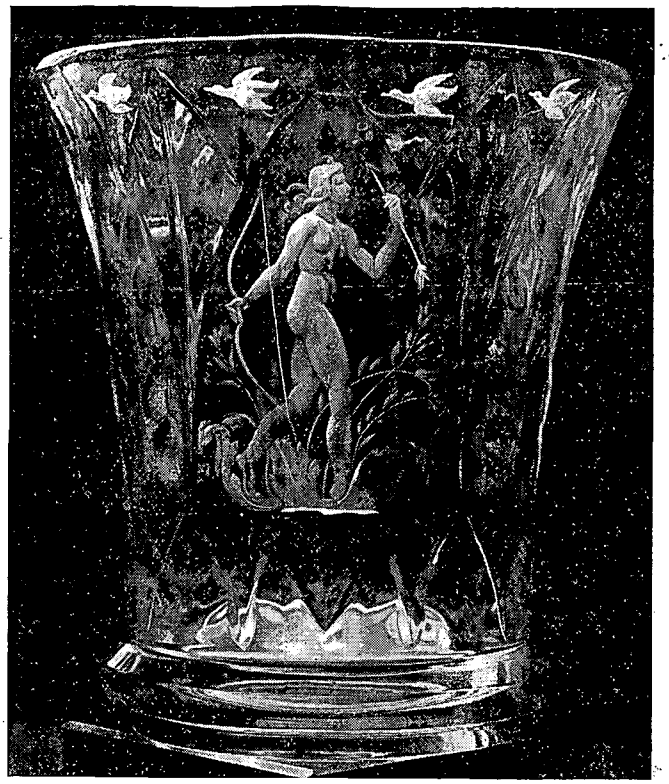
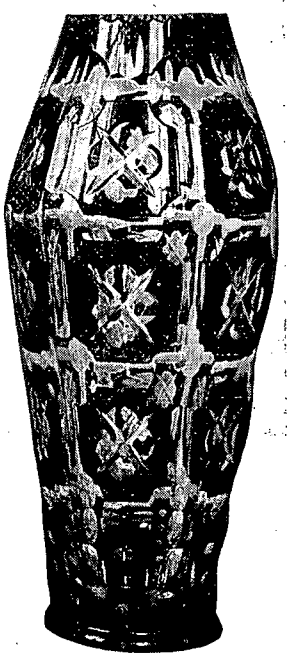
Glass and Fine Lace



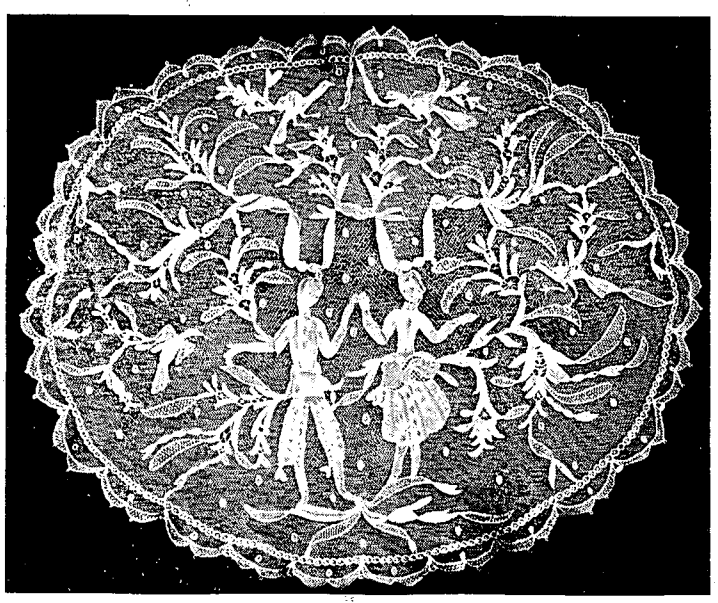
Engraved crystal by Josef Drahoňovský

Painted glass

Bohemian glass was already known throughout the world in the seventeenth century, and glass is still the most important of the industrial arts of Czechoslovakia. Next best known are the ceramic products, both fine porcelain and decorated folk pottery. Distinguished work is being done in the making of books, prints, placards and textiles.



Polished red cut-glass from the oldest glass factory in Bohemia



Sewn lace; State Institute for Domestic Industry

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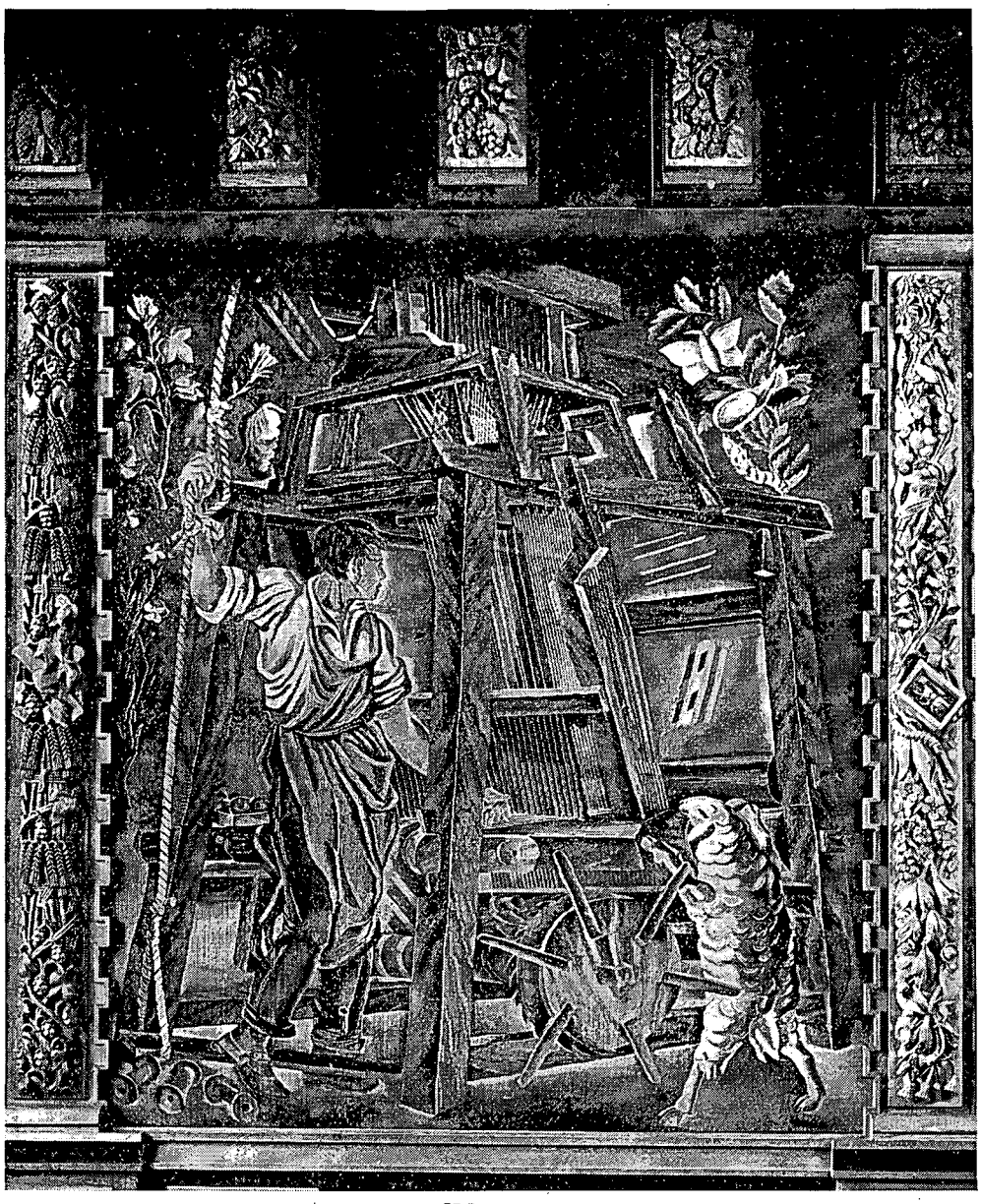
Gobelins

These beautiful gobelin tapestries, designed by the mural painter, František Kysela, are particularly interesting because they have as their subjects the outstanding industrial arts of the country, among which tapestry itself plays a leading role in the group of textiles.



Weaving

Printing

Glassmaking

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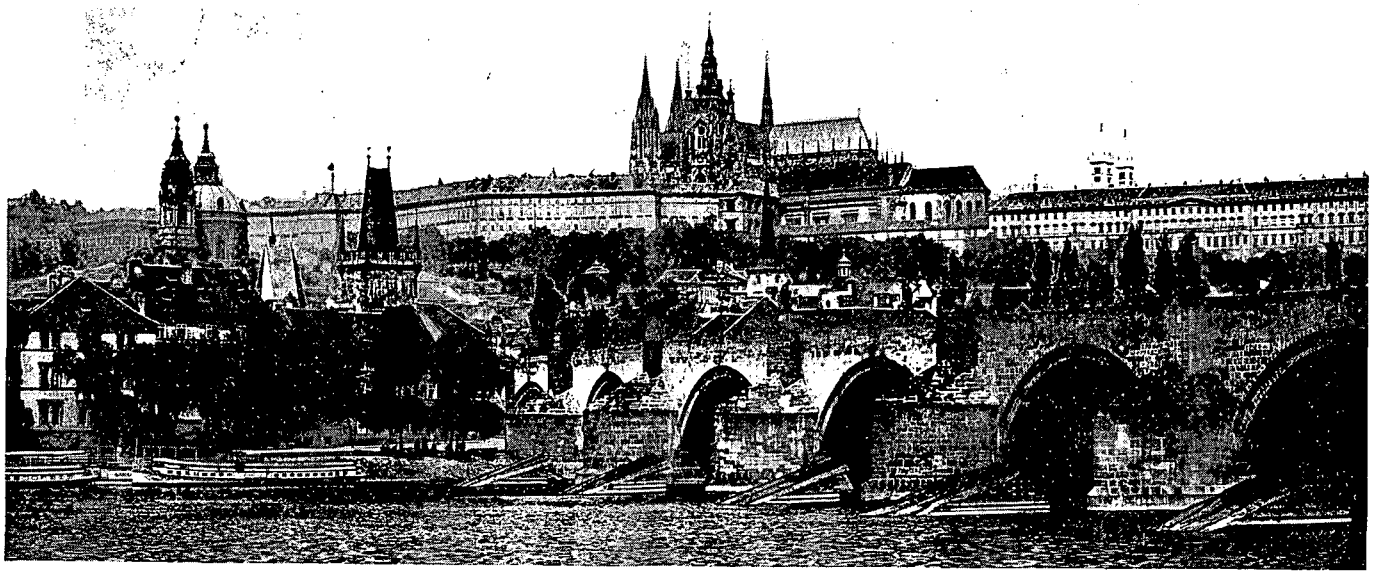

The old royal castle at Prague now the home of the President of the Republic and his daughter

Alice Masarykova

By MARY E. McDOWELL

IT is a long, long way from cleaning alleys in the stockyards district of Chicago to life in the ancient Castle at Prague. A long and perilous way it has been for Alice Masaryk[1] —always difficult, often tragic; but she has climbed it, never forgetting the goal of her reaching. Last summer when I was their guest in Czechoslovakia she remarked one day to her father, "Do you know that I got my first training in social work and my first lessons in sanitation at the University of Chicago Settlement, cleaning up the alleys?"

There is a similarity between the beneficent logic of events which shaped the preparation of the President of Czechoslovakia and that of his daughter for their tasks in the building of the new republic. As he little foresaw whither his own work was leading, so little did she dream that the awakening to sanitary needs in the alleys of our neighborhood—made up of unskilled workers from her native land—was schooling her for a vastly larger service among people of the same stock in a new democracy.

I have been asked how it happened that Alice Masaryk came into settlement work in America. The story is a simple one. Professor Masaryk came in 1902 to the University of Chicago to give a series of lectures on the problems of the small nations in Europe. He brought to us upon a visit to the settlement a letter of introduction from a Bohemian-American. At that time there was near us a very large population of Bohemians. Finding our house—four flats over a feed-store—a friendly place for rest, the professor was often with us. To our surprise we found that this unobtrusive scholar, whom from his lectures and conversations we recognized as a personality, was already well known by even the humblest of our Czech neighbors. One day we sent word round that Professor Masaryk would meet our friends on a certain evening. We did not expect and made no provision for any large attendance; but to our surprise the hall was packed with Bohemians of all ages—grandfathers, grandmothers, young men and young women, waiting to see and hear this man whom, as we found, they trusted and loved as teacher and leader.

It was, then, only natural that after this acquaintance and experience Professor Masaryk should propose that his daughter come and stay awhile with us. And so she came, a young doctor of philosophy, fresh from academic halls in Prague, in 1904, into residence and to become leader of the Clean City Club of boys. She calls this her beginning in social work. Today she is the president of a new kind of Red Cross for the whole of Czechoslovakia; a member of the Executive Committee of the International Red Cross; in 1928 she was president of the first International Conference of Social Work, at Paris.

WAY back in those settlement days she caught the vision of her opportunity. Upon her return from America in 1905, she tried in vain to persuade the Habsburg government to take steps toward betterment from the social worker's point of view. She knew that this was what her own people must have. She sought to volunteer as a nurse but was refused; must work surreptitiously. She had to wait for the republic.

Even her tragic experiences of the war-time, she made an educational preparation. On October 28, 1915—three years to the very day, before the crowning of her then exiled father's work in the proclamation of the new Czechoslovak Republic—Alice Masaryk was arrested as a political prisoner in his stead, and in the stead of her mother whom the Austrian government did not quite dare to make his hostage. After a week in the police-station at Prague she was taken to Vienna and for nearly nine months was confined with common criminals, prostitutes, thieves, murderers.

[1] *Ova* after the last name in Czech invariably means a woman, wife or daughter, regardless of age. Thus the name of every pupil in a girl's school would end in *ova*.

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One of her fellow-prisoners had been there nineteen years. Until they knew who she was she was unwelcome; already there were eight in the room. I saw that room: twelve by fourteen feet; so small that the cots touched each other; one open toilet in the corner and one small window. Every day threats were made that it might be her last; grimly joking they would ask, "Do you prefer a pistol or a rope?"

While in prison she had two books on public health that she studied, preparing for the day that she hoped for. "The little Gospel of St. John and Shakespeare's Tempest, which I brought from home, kept me spiritually healthy."

HER never-failing courage, her eternal hope, her insistence upon seeing the good in every person, glow in the letters that she wrote from prison to her mother.[1] Often she could not write for lack of paper. Visions of home, of the out-of-doors, of the roses and the brook at Bystrička, "the village of my childhood;" memories of her life in the settlement, of Hull House and Jane Addams—"better than ever I see her in her strength, her gentleness"—both tormented her and kept her alive and sane. Self-portraying, these:

No amount of social pathology gives such an insight as this. At first I felt horror at the injustice of the jail-keeper, and nausea at the common criminals. God, how unjust! All, *all*, are human beings, and in each one flickers the divine spark, no matter how miserably small the flame sometimes is. . . .

Now, I make the decision . . . to approach the chalice with my lips, and drink as if it were honey. . . . I have given my word not to complain; on the contrary to get the best and most human experience out of my relations here. . . . If they free me, I shall live more intensely, and strive humanly, for the best and noblest things.

For goodness sake, don't stop loving me!

"If only I had a piano!" cries the accomplished musician. To Katikova, her fellow-prisoner, she gave lessons in Greek and Roman history, and in Czech grammar. There was scant water and "no soap unless you have money;" no mirror —she fixed her hair by the shadow from the little window. She had great joy when they permitted her to sweep and carry pails twenty steps to the sewer opening. Some of the time she was so ill that even harsh jailers allowed her to stay in bed.

She never had a trial of any kind, not even a preliminary hearing. In the winter of 1916 word spread abroad that she was to be executed. And well she might have been; there were shootings and hangings enough with no better justification. In The London Times of June 9, 1916, Dr. Masaryk wrote:

My daughter is kept in prison in order to persuade the Austrian public that she was in close political touch with me. But that is not true. I have always taken the greatest pains not to involve my family in my work. . . . My daughter has been imprisoned as other Bohemian men and women have been imprisoned—to terrorize our people.

At last the United States government displayed an interest—before our entry into the war—and this with increasing protest by the newspapers and people in America, who because of her former residence in Chicago regarded her as virtually an American, forced her release in August, 1916. Returning, ill herself, to find her mother completely broken in health, she begged to go out of the country with her. When after months the permission came, it was too late.

The pasture that her personality grew upon was rich with food for the spirit; but most of the time a rugged and dangerous footing. Her father and mother, two practical idealists, made a home where high thinking and simple living created the atmosphere and shaped the life of their children. When her father was unpopular alike with the patriots and with the Austrian oppressors, because he insisted upon telling the truth, Alice suffered with the rest of the family.

Now that Thomas Garrigue Masaryk is president of the Republic, his daughter is his right hand. It was characteristic of her, who treads the earth with the simplicity of a peasant and the carriage of a duchess, that when I said to her one day of her father, then professor of history and economics in the University of Prague: "Some day your father will stand beside Bohemia's heroes, Hus and Komenský," that she should say, "I don't know yet. When I do, I will tell you." In 1911, before the war that called forth the latent greatness of the professor, she came over to Munich to see me; she was eager now to say to me: "Now at last I know that what your said was true. My father is a great man." That cautious sincerity that often has been mistaken for hauteur I have found is only self-restraint lest she act what is not to herself the truth.

LIKE her father, she is never afraid of an idea; she believes in meeting it where the light shines full upon it. In the early days of the new government, when political ideas of all shades and grades were flashing perilously, Alice heard that a refugee from Russia was to meet a group of working folk in a radical village near Prague. She went alone to the meeting. She felt that revolutionary talk was most dangerous to a new government feeling its way. She asked a few questions, then made humorous remarks that turned the laugh upon the speaker and thereafter was reasonable discussion.

Once imprisoned in her father's stead, now his right hand

In the village of Lany, where the presidential summer chateau is situated and where she hopes to create a model sanitary settlement, she works with the village government, which is made up of coal miners who are Socialists and Communists. The mayor in 1922 was a Communist who signed my registration-card giving me the right of exit from the country. This mayor was often in conference with Alice as a member of his community, and with the President, another good citizen of Lany.

When last in Czechoslovakia, as guest of the President and Alice, I stayed at the hunting castle of Zeidlocovici in southern Moravia. It was from this castle that royalty, men and women of high degree, once made a hunting-party for the young king of

[1] Extensive excerpts from these letters were published in The Atlantic Monthly, November-December, 1920.

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Spain. Habsburgs and Hohenzollerns for sport killed 12,000 creatures of the forest, deer, pheasants, hare, etc. One day during my stay, Alice went to a nearby village to hold a child-welfare conference with the peasant women. The leading woman, in introducing today's "crown-princess," said:

"Before the war, ladies came from the castle with guns upon their shoulders for the hunt. Today the lady from the castle comes to talk with us about the health of our children. This one comes not to kill, but to make alive."

Up in rugged Slovakia, near the Carpathian Mountains, Alice owns a little cottage in the tiny Slovak village Bystrička, where she hopes some day to live with her father, when they no longer have to live in the castle at Prague. It is at Svatý Martin, near this village, that she has established the Štefánik School, for social and sanitary workers, because in these foothills where before the war Professor Masaryk and his family spent their summers, the simple folk were so proud and self-respecting that even the Red Cross found it difficult to induce them, even when hungry, to accept assistance.

It was like Alice when, in the first months of the Republic, she wrote to me one of her telegraphic letters with the faith that they had then in America's power to do *anything*:

> Please send at once to me a trained research person to study and report on the health conditions of Prague, our capital.

To the National War Work Council of the Y. W. C. A. I gave this remarkable opportunity of service to a forming democracy. They replied at once by sending over Ruth Crawford, with a young Bohemian woman to help her.[1] Very soon other trained persons joined, and the work was done, a beginning that still continues.

Alice Masaryk immediately realized that as the daughter of the President she had practically a power equal to that of the former governors who would not listen to her appeals for trained nurses, sanitary experts, social workers. Taking over and organizing for peace-time activities the Red Cross machinery used in the war, she early secured the cooperation of the governments, national and local, and the educational authorities. With this wonderful cooperation she has done what, I fancy, never before has been or could have been done in so short a time, especially after a war leaving a people crippled to face hunger and disease. The spirit which she has inspired reaches far beyond the physical field. The machinery of the Red Cross, with its more than 600,000 members, is being used to develop a people internationally minded. One of its boy members designed a cover for the Junior Red Cross Magazine, representing the children of all nations, even including the American Indian and Negro, hand-in-hand forming a circle of friendly children of all the world.

At two celebrations which I attended during my summers over there I saw this work visibly displayed. In 1922 the Junior Red Cross of one of the most radical districts in the Republic met in the beautiful park of the presidential chateau at Lany. I had the privilege of seeing the President and Dr. Beneš, the foreign minister, break ground for the model cottage and model school in the model village that Alice Masaryk so long had dreamed of and planned. In the parade there were banners, "Anti-Alcohol" and "Anti-Tobacco," a poster clamoring for personal hygiene, a giant toothbrush called for clean teeth as well as the clean minds that little dramatic performances were designed to inspire.

"BE GOOD CITIZENS"

A poster by Anna M. Upjohn for the Czechoslovak Junior Red Cross, organized in 6,000 schools

When Alice took over the Red Cross the workers from America and England, obliged to go home, had left her with machinery but no trained staff to use it. She sent picked young men and women to England and America to be trained. Today at every strategic point, even in the little villages among the mountains, they are at work; along the ordinary Red Cross lines — meeting sickness and disaster with ready help, ready for emergencies seen, foreseen and unforeseen. But the Czechoslovak Red Cross goes further, and busies itself with the kind of normal, constructive, educational service that has come to be called "settlement work." In that Alice is greatly the inspiration; what she learned so long ago in Chicago fulfills its purpose in the neighborhoods of her own country.

There is a destiny that shapes our ends. . . . In the face of discouragements we look back rather proudly to our humble and obscure beginnings, and comfort ourselves by spectacles of distant achievement in whose initiation long ago it was our privilege to play some part. Perhaps our settlement out by the Stockyards in Chicago may be permitted to claim Dr. Alice Garrigue Masarykova, whom we love and admire, as still our "absentee resident," on settlement service, in Czechoslovakia.

[1] It was in connection with this work that The Survey in June, 1921, published its Czechoslovak Number. The "young Bohemian woman" was the present Mrs. Iva Smakalova, of Prague, who was of inestimable assistance to me during my visit to Czechoslovakia last Fall. She is now wife of Dr. Francois Smakal, secretary-general of the Junior Red Cross of Czechoslovakia.—J. P. G.

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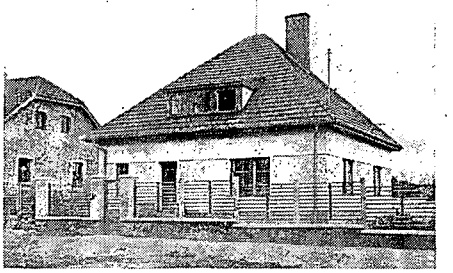
Little House at Lany

"A Nation Can Be No Better Than Its Homes," Alice Masaryk Said



"They are good little houses"

A SMALL cement dwelling in a village twenty miles west of Prague remains for me the best symbol of the Masaryk influence in Czechoslovakia. In its ultimate significance it may well be so in the perspective of history. Its existence may not have been known to the government official who took me to Lany to see the comparatively modest chateau where most of the time the President and his daughter really live. Anyway he never mentioned it to me although it was within five minutes' walk; I had to learn about it afterward.

This fact is not without its bearing. All his life Thomas Garrigue Masaryk has been trying to undermine the faith of his people in political changes and forms for their own sake. Czechoslovaks are born talking politics, and like other people all over the world are absorbed in partisanship, legislation, administration, the growing complexity of institutions. I doubt whether many of the politicans of Czechoslovakia sense at all the deeper forces of which that small house at Lany is symbol and expression.

Do not misunderstand me. To one going in the least below the surface, nothing in Czechoslovakia is more impressively evident than the general and persistent intent to improve social conditions; to provide right housing for the democracy. This intent is not of a temporary or emergent character; it goes beyond the mere desire to mitigate immediate suffering and destitution; beyond the revolutionary impulse to redress ancient wrongs by overnight reversals and panaceas. It is consciously fundamental, in the nature of a cultural program, proceeding upon the assumption that the principal justification of government is in its creation and maintenance of wholesome environment; in the continuous protection of the mass of the workers, women and children especially, and so of the health, efficiency and happiness of the community as a whole.

It is a strain upon words to call this socialistic; a stark absurdity to apply the handy word "bolshevist" to this program or to any of its measures in particular. As much as in any other country including the United States of America, is the principle of individual incentive and private ownership taken for granted. Like the average German, the typical Czech is by temperament conservative; the typical Slovak is even more so; the typical Ruthenian peasant is so most of all. Only in the highly-industrialized districts is radicalism in any proper sense of the term an intellectual or emotional conviction.

The little house reaches out into the homes; a Red Cross demonstration

For a proper understanding, one must realize the substantially feudal atmosphere prevailing in virtually all of the territory now constituting Czechoslovakia, right up to the war—indeed, up to the Revolution of October, 1918. One must have in mind the contrast between the conditions provided by the autocracy for its home in Austria proper, and the cynical negligence with which it treated its subject peoples, the Czechs and Slovaks, to say nothing at all of those regarded as mere cattle—the peasants of what is now the Czechoslovak province of Ruthenia. There is a long slack to take up; only beginnings have yet been made, but very promising beginnings, in a social policy embracing all of the aspects of social life.

The new democracy had to deal first and in emergency fashion with the raw essentials of existence; in the definite and visible immediate consequences of the war; with such things as subsistence and employment for the returning soldiers, care of crippled and invalid, compensation of widows, provision and protection for orphans. There was, as elsewhere in Europe, the desperate problem of housing, due to suspension of construction during the war, to deflation of the currency and increased building-costs. As elsewhere, the government has had to subsidize and underwrite, and by legislation to protect tenants from ejectment by landlords hardly better off than themselves. Upward of 60,000 dwellings have been constructed with the direct help of the government; it will take a half-century to liquidate the state guarantees of interest and amortization.

Parallel with this, however, are the permanent aspects of the Republic's social policy, evident in such things as legal limitation of working-hours and night employment, minimum working-age of fourteen years, with compulsory school attendance and continuation schools; regulation of domestic employment as well as factory conditions; factory councils, employes' representation at directors' and stockholders' meetings, obligatory arbitration in industrial disputes, compulsory allocation for welfare purposes of 10 per cent of net profits in mining enterprises; accident and sickness insurance, six weeks' leave with sick-pay for childbirth, retirement pension at age sixty-five (fifty-five for miners), with one-half of disability-pension for the widow if herself disabled, and so on.

Solicitude for public health and education is evident at every turn. Remarkable for

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so small a country and under all the antecedent and present conditions are the number and excellence of general, maternity and foundling hospitals and other provision for care of the sick and prevention and control of disease, in Bohemia, Moravia and Silesia; however lamentably lacking as yet in the other two provinces. A grant from the Rockefeller Foundation has enabled establishment of a State Institute of Public Health in connection with the Ministry of Public Health and Physical Culture.

IT is in the field of agriculture and the life of the peasant population which preponderates increasingly as the purview moves eastward, that the problems intensify. While industrialization has immensely progressed during the past quarter-century, agriculture still dominates. More than 40 per cent of the population lives by farming. Yet seven-eighths of the people, even of Bohemia, own no land; the proportion of tenants is excessive. More than 700,000 owners of farms averaging less than seven acres, hold only about 14 per cent of the total area; 400,000 of these owning less than 1 per cent, in plots of just over an acre apiece. Over against this, for example what was known as the "Kingdom of Schwarzenberg," one single feudal domain, contained some 800 square miles. Less than 2,000 families controlled the bulk of the area. It is against such holdings, representing no usefulness to agriculture, that the land reform is aimed, designed to limit individual ownership to 150 hectares (370 acres) of arable land, 250 hectares of land including forests, etc.

These immense holdings symbolized perhaps more than anything else the Hapsburg tyranny, dating as most of them did to the seventeenth century usurpations when, after the Battle of the White Mountain (just outside of Prague) in 1620, in which the religious revolt was finally crushed, Ferdinand II expropriated and banished all surviving Protestants of any importance, distributing their lands among his favorites. Conditions thus arising had been the principal cause of the heavy emigration of Czechs and Slovaks to America and elsewhere; of the tremendous seasonal migrations of agricultural labor, and latterly—precisely as in Germany—of the movement of the more enterprising peasants to the towns, in itself aggravating the stagnation of agriculture and rural life.

At the Štefánik School where girls from the villages are trained for social missionary work among their people. Both pictures are of girls from a single group, in their "regular" clothes and in Slovak costumes

While the land reform moves slowly, retarded considerably by lack of public funds for compensation, by necessary attention to more immediately pressing problems, and by the general tendency of good sense and restraint, nevertheless greatly stabilizing has been the promise of better things for the peasant; of tenure, liberty and opportunity. Already in the face of the Man With the Hoe, has appeared "the upward looking and the light" which Edwin Markham foresaw "when whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world . . . after the silence of the centuries." Awakening and intensified are the peasant's hitherto dormant and suppressed interest in the secondary things, of technical progress in his occupation, of wholesomeness and widening culture for his family.

It is at this point that the work of Alice Masarykova and of the Czechoslovak Red Cross under her inspiration and direction finds its chief objective and fulcrum. Here is applying the spirit and method of the "settlement work" whose technique she acquired under the leadership of Mary McDowell and Jane Addams in Chicago, thirty years ago. Here comes in the significance of the little house at Lany. There is in fact a group of three, and in them is a work of demonstration; of house construction, arrangement, equipment, sanitation, domestic economy—all the essentials of wholesome family and neighborhood life. They are good little houses—good enough for anybody—adaptation of the native architecture and constructed of native materials. Such houses as Czechoslovak workers can have; such, for instance, as Bat'a of Zlin rents to his people at 50 to 85 cents a week.

"A NATION can be no better than its homes," Alice Masarykova said to me. "It is upon and within and about the home especially that we center our endeavor. Social work—I don't know what it is. Isn't it everything that has to do with life? Color, air, beauty, work, pure water, cooking, sewing, playing—our little houses typify it all. They build badly; dampness, bad sanitation, shabby imitation. We want the farmers to see a *home* as the farmer should have it; we are trying to show them a family center, a home for the children who will make the new Czechoslovakia. We had to begin with the hospitals—we couldn't see them suffer—but we want to integrate life; to make the homes express the beauty of the nature in which they live and work; to divorce picturesqueness from inefficiency.

"We have learned from America; we got there something integrated—health work a counterpart of improvement in

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A social missionary to her people—the girl in the sweater suit in the front row

factory conditions. Just now we have sent a young woman to America to study domestic economy. We want to show you a fruitage; to give you back a spiritual synthesis."

Definitely a coordinate of this is the Štefánik School at Svatý Martin in Slovakia, where girls from the villages are trained for social missionary work among their own people. There are in Czechoslovakia more than 125 schools training girls for housekeeping and industrial professions. Even the former government protected certain private undertakings; the present government substantially increased this patronage. But the Štefánik School is definitely aimed from Alice Masaryk's point of view, to enlighten and uplift the home as such by bringing back to the villages, to the women in their own houses, something definitely spiritual in motive, and a sense that the home must be a center for the finest things of social life.

SO far as I know, in no other country has the Red Cross become so definitely, so widely, so continuously, enlisted in social endeavor. There it is in a sense the whole community organized for its own wholesomeness. "Social health" in its purview covers a vast field, even including the cause of peace, within as well as without. For example, at Easter time the Red Cross is sponsor for a Truce of God, of three days, solemnly proclaimed in the parliament building, at a great meeting attended by the President and members of Parliament. In the spirit of reconciliation even the newspapers put aside their political and philosophical disputes and devote themselves to concrete problems of social hygiene in the broadest sense. "We can prevent war," says Alice Masarykova, who suggested this unusual ceremony, "only if we prevent the idle disputes at home. Wars do not begin spontaneously, in evident historical moments; they are the culmination of accumulated petty secret sins of small, so-called great people."

Upon the Junior Red Cross centers the great expectation. It is organized already in nearly 6,000 schools; some 17,000 school teachers are cooperating. Last year the Juniors organized 862 peace celebrations. They took care of 200 local "social cases," and assisted the local Red Cross chapters in 216 more. Incidentally, they oiled the floors of 490 schools and induced 90 to buy mechanical dust-absorbers; 449 schools acquired medicine chests. In September there were more than 600,000 members of the Red Cross in Czechoslovakia, and two-thirds of them were Juniors.

Before me as I write is a map, in several colors and therefore impracticable of reproduction here, showing the distribution of Red Cross activities. Suggestive of a case of some beneficent measles is its close speckling of symbols showing the location of the 711 local chapters, and the health and sanitation stations, dispensaries, dental clinics, diet-kitchens, orphanages, nurses' schools, summer camps. Space limitations forbid even the high spots of statistics. Take only those of health education: Traveling cinemas now traverse all the provinces; they began in Bohemia in 1921; in Moravia and Slovakia in 1923; three years ago in Ruthenia. More than 2,000,000 people have heard nearly 10,000 lectures. In addition there have been 5,500 lectures with slides, attended by some 750,000 persons. Courses of 20 lectures each in first-aid, nutrition and home nursing have been organized in all provinces, the total registration (1921-28) approximating 65,000; 1929-30 will greatly augment that total. During the ten years of its existence the Czechoslovak Red Cross has expended more than $4,500,000, not including contributions from abroad or the expenditures of the local chapters.

We might well devote an article to the Y.W.C.A.—"Yivka", as they call it—or to the "Yimka", the Y.M.C.A. Of their fine and growing work I heard good things. There is a thriving Boy Scout movement; the vast network of Sokols exerts a great influence. I have dwelt rather upon the activities of the Red Cross, partly because it is the agency especially embodying the influence of Alice Masarykova, but chiefly because it devotes itself to the villages, neighborhoods and homes where the nation finds most of all the springs of its life.

Two small houses will serve in the future as symbols of what is going on in the new Republic of Czechoslovakia. One at Hodonin, whence came Thomas Garrigue Masaryk; the other at Lany, whence his daughter radiates the spirit which will shine in the homes throughout the land, to which her work is bringing new light.

The other little house, the peasant cottage where President Masaryk was born

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The Mowers

WE turn to Max Švabinský, now in his fifties, as the living artist to present realistically the countryside and the sturdy people of the land. He is no "modern;" he follows in the tradition of Josef Mánes, founder of a national Czech art. The drawing above, made in 1924, was a sketch for a detail of his painting, Harvest, a canvas that combines realism and allegory. Švabinský is also famous as an etcher. The delicate little print on this page is scarcely larger than it appears reproduced here.

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Torch of Komenský

Czechoslovaks—A People With a Passion for Education

IT was by no chance coincidence that the Declaration of Independence of Czechoslovakia, issued at Washington October 18, 1918, was signed by three doctors of philosophy. Such by virtue of degrees from a university older than any in Germany, each was of international reputation in his own particular field of scholarship. The Moravian, Professor Dr. Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, signing as prime minister and minister of finance, was at the time a member of the faculty of Kings College, London, previously a professor in the University of Prague, and widely known as author of works in philosophy and international politics. The Slovak, General Dr. Milan Rostislav Štefanik, signing as minister of national defense, was an astronomer of note; had been associated with the famous French Pierre Janssen, founder of the observatory on Mont Blanc; had carried on important observations there and in Turkestan, and when the war broke out was engaged in astronomical research on Tahiti in the South Pacific. The Bohemian, Dr. Eduard Beneš, signing as minister of foreign affairs and of the interior, was doctor both of laws and of philosophy, had been before the war professor of economics in the Academy of Commerce at Prague and a prolific and authoritative writer on political, social and economic questions.

Moreover, it may be said generally that almost every Czechoslovak of importance in the movement which culminated in the nation's liberation and establishment had won spurs in some field of learning. Kramař, Rašin, Švela, Černy, Engliš, Kállay, Hodža, Viškovsky, Czech, Mayr-Harting, Spina, Hlinka—I take the names quite at random from the list of party leaders, most of them at some time if not now ministers in the new government—all entitled to the prefix "Dr." and some to special distinction as learned men. This is not to be construed as symptom of promiscuous scattering of doctorates like political jobs. In Europe you have to earn your Ph.D.; getting it is no joke, whatever may be said as to the sound educational worth of the process through which you have to pass—any criticism from the point of view of modern "progressive" education applies as well to our own university standards and practices.

THE fact is that education is nothing less than a passion among the Czechoslovaks. The only difference in that regard between the Czechs (Bohemians and Moravians) on the one hand, and the Slovaks (with the Ruthenians bringing up the rear) on the other, is that the latter are in these days perhaps the more avid because hitherto the less privileged. The determination of the former rulers to Germanize and Magyarize the people minimized education among the Slovaks and Ruthenians. Always the Czechs have been among the most highly literate and intelligent of our immigrants; leading all other Slav peoples by an immense disparity, surpassing all other Central European groups including the Germans; leading the English-speaking Irish and Welsh; showing well in comparison with the Finns, the Scotch and the English—all distanced by the practically absolute literacy of the Scandinavians.

The story is luminously evident in the percentages of illiteracy (inability to read and write in their own languages) for the year ending June 30, 1900, from the report of the Industrial Commission. This is adequately representative, better than later figures because unaffected by the war and the recently intensified admission-tests. The average illiteracy of that year, in a list of 41 nationality-groups led by the Turks with 78.7 per cent, the Southern Italians close behind with 54.5, was 24.2. In the following table the Slavic groups are printed in Roman type, the non-Slavic in italics; the Czechs in small-capitals for emphasis:

Ruthenian	49.0
Croat and Slovene	37.4
Bulgarian, Serbian, Montenegrin	35.9
Dalmatian, Bosnian, Herzegovenian	32.9
Polish	31.6
Russian	28.8
Slovak	28.0
Rumanian	*25.1*
Magyar (Hungarian)	*16.9*
Northern Italian	*11.8*
Dutch and Flemish	*9.9*
German	*5.8*
French	*4.1*
Welsh	*3.7*
Irish	*3.2*
BOHEMIAN AND MORAVIAN	3.0
Finnish	*2.7*
Scotch	*2.1*
English	*2.0*
Scandinavian	*0.8*

Within Czechoslovakia itself the illiteracy figures of twenty years later (census of 1921) bear about the same significance as to relative education of the constituent groups:

Bohemia	2.4
Moravia	3.1
Silesia	3.7
Slovakia	15.0
Ruthenia	50.2

This high degree of literacy among the Czechs has not been generally appreciated in America because we are given to recognizing and utilizing such attainments in foreigners only in occasional individual instances. Men even of high intellectual power, lacking facility in the English language—though they make every effort to acquire it as quickly as possible—can find, generally speaking, no employment save in common labor. The effect of this upon their appraisal of our own attitude toward culture has been somewhat unfortunate. In her incomparably illuminating study of the Slavs, Our Slavic Fellow-Citizens (published in 1910 by the Charities Publication Committee, forerunner of Survey Associates; it is now lamentably out of print), Emily Greene Balch quotes a Slav sculptor: "Of course America has not yet reached the point of development where she can care for sculpture. It will come in due time." A devastating illustration of the judgment of these highly-cultured people upon our general state of civilization. Nor is that estimate by any means confined to the Czechs!

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Sturdy youngsters of Slovakia tussle in a popular sport

Doubtless it would be exaggeration to say that every leader who in the past thousand years has held aloft the torch of liberty in the Czech lands constituting the old Kingdom of Bohemia was a scholar of distinction; but the truth is of that order. Intellectual culture up to the highest standards of the time always has flowered among the Czechs. They were among the first to feel and express the movement culminating in the Protestant Reformation. The University of Prague is the oldest university east of the Rhine and north of the Alps; it was established by the Holy Roman Emperor Charles IV in 1348 —nearly forty years before Heidelberg.

The Junior Red Cross gathers this laughing group for a health game

JOHN HUS, the patron saint of the Czechs—anyway of the Protestant Czechs—attended the University of Prague in its earliest days and in 1402 became its rector. It was especially his activities as head of that university that brought him into the collisions resulting eventually in his burning at the stake July 6, 1415. He was a persistent advocate of the spread among the common people of education thus far confined to the upper classes.

The other of the two great Czech heroes is Jan Amos Komenský (1592-1670), better known to the outside world under the Latinized form, Comenius. Revered as the last bishop and chief protagonist of the old, proscribed church of the Czech Brethren, his most momentous, everlasting service to his people and to the world is in the domain of popular education, wherein he was and still remains revolutionist and seer *par excellence*. His writings embody to this hour the last syllable of the last word—up to the minute and beyond—in what we call "progressive education."

Brought up in the ordinary schools and universities, including Heidelberg, and to a considerable extent traveled, he was unrelenting in his assault all along the line upon the conventional education, which he described as "the terror of boys and the slaughter-house of minds." Since the schools were entirely dominated by the church in close alliance with government, he was anathema on all the grounds, educational, religious and political. In the final crushing of the Protestant revolt after the battle of the White Mountain in 1620, his house was raided, his books burned, and his wife and children died of the plague ensuing upon the military persecutions. Thereafter he was an exile, in Poland, Germany, Sweden, England and Holland. His bones have just been found in the Walloon Church at Naarden in Holland; there is beginning in Bohemia a movement to bring them "home," after more than 300 years.

Like most prophets, he was in his lifetime more honored abroad. Especially in England and Sweden he was recognized as an authority; both countries sought his aid in reorganizing their educational systems. Nay, more—he was even invited to move to America, and become the president of the then newly-founded Harvard College!

Komenský demanded equal educational opportunities for all the people, rich and poor, boys and girls alike. He understood the immense importance of infancy and first impressions upon very little children. He warned against the danger of frightening children, held that punishments should be intelligent, few and far between; that example and kindness were chief agencies in education. He attached great importance to play, and insisted that schools must be clean, sunny and attractive, with gardens to be worked by the children. He wanted education to develop reasoning—thinking as distinguished from memorizing. He bitterly opposed the current exclusive emphasis upon Latin, urging the study of other and modern languages. His curriculum included geography, world history, politics, singing, husbandry, arts and handicrafts. He

"It followed her to school one day"

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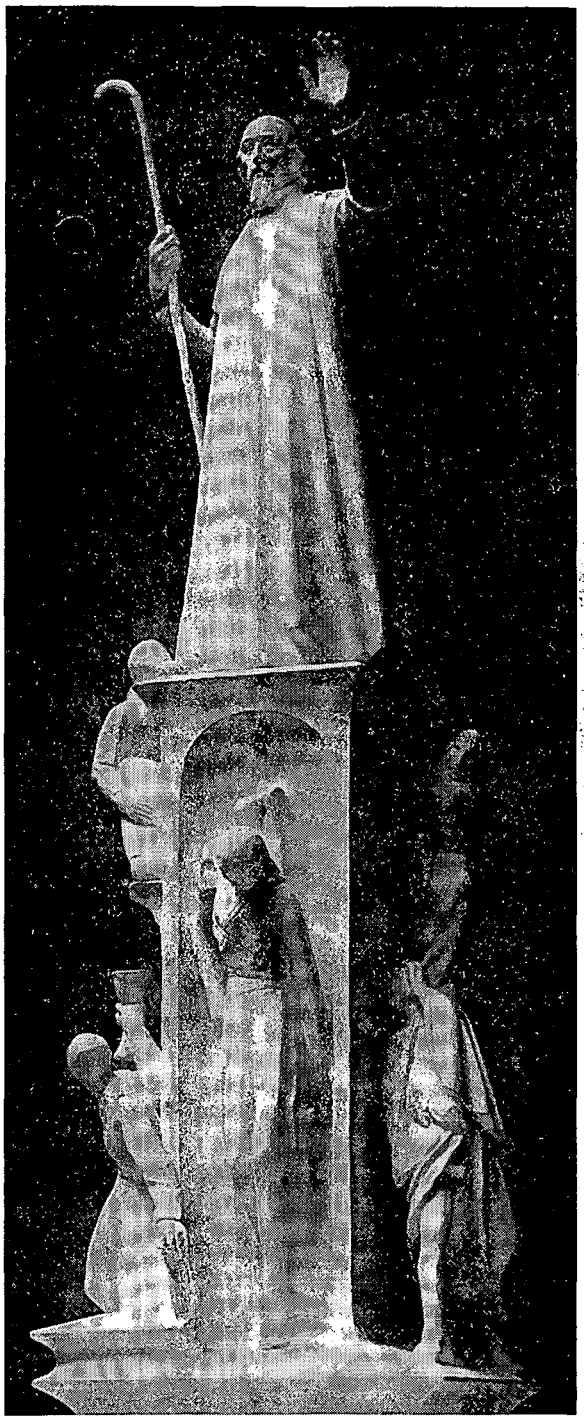
believed that the foundation for every subject could and should be laid in the very earliest training of the child. By more than a century—almost two centuries—he anticipated the emphasis of Pestalozzi and Froebel upon the decisive influence of the home in education. Komenský saw that geography begins with the child's knowledge of his immediate surroundings and their relation to his mother's knee.

M. J. Keatinge, who edited in 1910 Komenský's Great Didactic, refers to him as "the prince of schoolmasters . . . the broadest-minded, the most far-seeing, the most comprehensive, and in some respects the most practical, of the writers who have put pen to paper on the subject of education."

FACED at every turn by memorials of these two great exponents of democratic education, I looked and inquired everywhere I went in Czechoslovakia for specific evidences of their influence. In general, I found, everywhere, signs of that passion for education to which I have referred. It is incurably endemic wherever there are Czechs. Schools of almost any imaginable kind confront one as it were on every street-corner, at every crossroad. Whenever I commented somewhat critically upon the relatively large standing army—100,000 in a population of less than 15,000,000 (about that of New York and New Jersey together) and an area less than that of Illinois—invariably I got the reply that anyway it was a great school for illiterate peasants; that "no man finishes his eighteen-months' term of service without having learned at least to read, write and figure." Also that the term of enlistment never was allowed to interfere with a boy's course in school or university; he always could adjust his service to his education.

I came to realize that it was unreasonable to expect a small country, struggling with the poverty and confusion left by the war, and with innumerable problems of reconstruction after centuries of oppression, within ten years to have made even a perceptible beginning toward uprooting the educational policy inseparable from a peculiarly reaction-any military theocratic autocracy . . . the very one that suppressed the followers of John Hus and proscribed Komenský. It is of the essence of despotism of any sort to inhibit intellectual freedom, to stamp out individuality, to standardize automatic obedience. It is no job of a decade to break the grip upon education of that regimenting intellectual Prussianism typified in the description of the European professor-caste as "cross between a pope and a peacock." It is not confined to Europe; even in America we have it still deeply entrenched in school and university—antithesis of everything Hus and Komenský taught and stood for.



JAN AMOS KOMENSKÝ

This fine design for a monument, in Amsterdam, of the great teacher was the last work of Jan Štursa

Realizing the slack that must be taken up in all directions, the inertia embodied in old habits deliberately ingrained, in ancient institutions and in inherited laws as yet only superficially modified, still more in a teaching-force trained to the old spirit and technique, one can be only amazed by the determination with which the forward-looking men and women of Czechoslovakia are tackling this job. They know what it is; the real leaders in education understand pretty well what is involved in such words as Dewey, Stanley Hall, Thorndike, Bird Baldwin, Gesell, Dalton Plan, and so on. There is as yet not much specific achievement, but experimental schools are beginning; the message of American "progressive education" falls not upon deaf ears. Naturally, even more than in America, they are hampered by dearth of teachers; the old system did not train men and women fit to carry forward the torch of Komenský.

LOOKING for such, I stumbled upon František Bakule [pronounce it Bah-koolay] and his school, on a hilltop way out on the southeastern edge of Prague, at 1246 Mozartova Ulice (street)—so-called after Mozart who lived at what is now No. 169 of that street when in 1787 he wrote his opera, Don Giovanni. When I went there I was not yet fully alive to the nature of Komenský's educational teachings, but I did know about another great educational prophet, and when at Bakule's request I registered upon leaving in his visitors' book, I wrote: "I have found here a reincarnation of Pestalozzi." I wish I had appreciated how fully what Bakule is doing incarnates also the philosophy of Komenský.

I met Bakule first in a little room of his school, jammed with specimens of his pupils' work—big chandeliers of carved wood and metal, millinery, dressmaking, figurines illustrating scenes of drama and history, toys—all manner of things. On the table in the middle was a large, elab-

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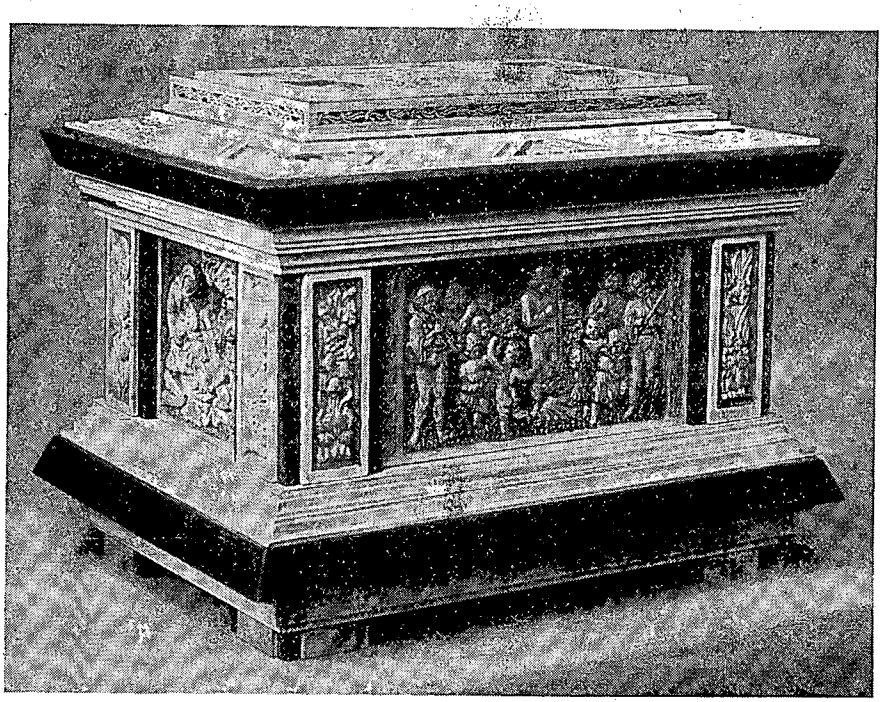
orately-carved chest, designed for President Masaryk, covered with remarkable high-relief designs symbolizing the stages in Czechoslovak history, and crowned with a miniature of Karlstejn, the ancient castle of Charles IV. Also helping to crowd the room was a group of visiting teachers, for whom a little hunchback girl-pupil with shining big eyes had to translate into German—Bakule speaks only Czech.

He must be somewhere in his late forties; I forgot to learn his age. When I asked him if he had an understudy to carry on after him, he smiled quizzically and said that he himself had still twenty-five years to go! One cannot think of him as aging; he is the embodiment of perennial vitality; alive with that personal charm which almost constitutes the universal language. He has a heavy tumbled shock of wavy dark hair, radiant kindly eyes under a fine high forehead, a close-clipped moustache which with deep dimples accentuates his frequent smile.



This richly carved chest is a typical design of the Bakule school

All his life he has been teaching, beginning in some mountain village of Bohemia; determined from the first upon one thing at any rate—to be as different as possible from those who had taught *him!* At the outset, as long ago as 1900, he took as his guiding motto: *Free road for the teacher; freedom for the children.* That is his motto now. For him, the child initiates. His discovered need and aptitude precede and govern the teacher's response and method. Underlying all and always is kindness, mutual confidence, understanding. In that first school, outside the required routine, Bakule acquainted his children with literature, read to them, gave them books and pictures, taught them music and drawing. He took them for walks in the country, awakening their curiosity, stimulating their powers of observation. He found it a lively business to keep his own knowledge one jump ahead of their questions. He won their regard and respect; there were few problems of discipline—they were too busy being interested.

This kind of teaching cannot be hidden; the young teacher's fame spread abroad. In 1913 Dr. Jedlicke, famous Czech orthopedist, invited him to teach a school for crippled children in connection with his sanitarium. Bakule knew nothing about cripples, but he did understand children. He saw that these deformed youngsters were hampered chiefly by the sense of inferiority, by constant dependence upon others. He taught them to help themselves. When a boy asked him to write for him a letter to his mother, he said, "No, I will not write it for you; I will teach you to write it for yourself." He taught them to make furniture, although he had no mechanical training; as before, he undertook to learn ahead of them. In the marketing of their product, they had to learn to figure. They "licked it up;" he cured them of the deadly boredom of helplessness. Later the situation was complicated by the invasion of maimed soldiers. Bakule quickly merged them in his process; the congenitally deformed children infected the suddenly crippled soldiers with their own cheerful confidence.

Then came the demand that the school should be conformed to the Austrian school technique still in vogue. Bakule balked. With something like five dollars in his pocket and a week's room-rent paid in Prague, he left, in the spring of 1919, with twelve crippled children. Together they tackled the problem of self-support. They gained their bread by showing marionettes which they made, by concerts, by selling toys and trinkets. They demonstrated that they were independent; that they could take care of themselves. They were helped, too. Dr. Alice Masarykova invited them to one of her Junior Red Cross camps; there they met Miss Fanneal Harrison of Atlanta, Georgia, through whom they got their first considerable financial gift. President Masaryk himself gave or got for them $15,000; the American Red Cross gave a "prize honorable" of $25,000.

Like other educational institutions, the Bakule school always is hard-up. Even now peculiar post-war tenancy laws prevent their full possession of the building which they have purchased; but they are just finishing a large structure in the rear. Paying for it, I think, from hand to mouth; workmen from the neighborhood contribute some at least of the labor.

I think it was through President McCracken of Vassar that the "Bakule Group" got its invitation to America under the auspices of the Junior Red Cross. Their visit is well remembered; they sang their way into American hearts as far west as Omaha. They have made pilgrimages to Germany and Denmark. They sang for us, their own folk-songs in Czech, and in English "America" that brought our hearts into our throats. Try to imagine this, by the famous Czech composer Šmetana—Evening Idyll in a Village, sung by children mostly deformed:

When the evening darkens,
Before I go to rest,
On the bench I sit
Beside our gate.
I look at the sky,
I seek my little star—
Where art thou, where art thou,
My star?

In the front row of that chorus my memory always will

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see that little hunchback girl with shining big eyes who translated for the German teachers. Nobody in Prague wanted her for anything; she came to work in the kitchen of Bakule's school. Wouldn't it be Bakule who would discover her musical talent? She is going to be a teacher of music.

A CRIPPLE is to Bakule not a cripple but a human being imprisoned who must be set free; or, rather, given opportunity to free himself. I think he makes no distinction between physical disability and the inner limitations invisible to the eye. In either case there is a personality to be freed of its shackles. It is the teacher's business as an artist to find and awaken the capacities, to devise appropriate means by which that personality can free itself. He does not believe in "born talent;" he has discovered by experience that it is possible to develop creative energy and ability in any child of normal nerves. The problem is to find the aptitude, to furnish the incentive, to create the right conditions. He has been able to develop in his children faculties and achievement far beyond his own. From his hand have gone forth literary men, musicians, artists, architects, sculptors, craftsmen.

There was one boy whose arms were only a few inches long to the wrist, but whose fingers were of inordinate length. Bakule got the notion that he could do well in lithography. No lithographer would teach him, so Bakule had to learn the processes himself in order to teach the cripple. That boy's abnormally long fingers turned out to be an asset in the trade in which he is now a recognized expert. This is only one of innumerable instances of Bakule's method.

Bakule lives with his pupils, as Pestalozzi did. The beds are tucked into corners, under benches, among the lathes and other machinery; every inch of room is precious. No longer do the cripples predominate in the school; around his nucleus of deformed children he has gathered also from the neighborhood as "day scholars" physically normal children. "They need each other," says Bakule. "The cripples need to associate with ordinary children; those in turn need to see what it means to be handicapped, and how such limitations can be conquered by courage and determination."

At the tomb of Pestalozzi in Switzerland

He is no tyro in educational theory. He knows all about Pestalozzi; he has taken his group to the shrines of Pestalozzi in Switzerland. Educational pilgrimages are important in his technique. Space precludes discussion of the academic aspects of his work; I am trying only to sketch a personality. It must suffice to say that, like other schools, his is inspected officially and subject to the legal standards. As he told Carleton Washburn, his children are somewhat behind the ordinary school grades, but—"See what they have instead! When a child is going to highschool from ours, we give him six months of special drill in some of the useless things that the highschool demands."

Bakule and a group of pupils take pleasure in their gay basket-work

Before me as I write is a carved wooden casket, black and mossy-green. It might be a fine specimen of medieval Florentine craftsmanship; the deep-cut panels and cover represent the rise of mankind from savagery and cannibalism to spiritual insight; the escape of the human spirit from degradation to light. It is neither Florentine nor medieval; it was designed and carved especially for us last October by one of Bakule's crippled boys, his chief designer, who holds his chisel with three fingers, and for lack of another arm pushes it with delicately-skillful shoulder. Perhaps the design on the casket is unconsciously autobiographical. One of the most famous of the crippled boys once crawled begging about the streets of Prague, armless, a hopeless creature, demanding of God to let him die. Now he is one of the most shining of Bakule's achievements, showing how opportunity and creative work can release the human glory.

Conventional educators do not approve of Bakule; not only is he sniffed at as "unsound"—there is even a "whispering campaign" against him; it reached me in Czechoslovakia and has been hinted to me even since I returned to America, but I never could get anybody to substantiate it responsibly or even say it to me confidentially in provable words. Just vague whispered innuendo. Just so the pundits sniffed at Pestalozzi and Froebel; just so in later times they have sneered at Horace Mann, at Francis W. Parker, at Sanderson of Oundle, at Arthur Morgan of Antioch, at the pioneers of education for women—at anybody who presumes to invade their musty, dusty domain with light and the breath of life. My own judgment is that Bakule will come into his own when education in Czechoslovakia overtakes Komenský.

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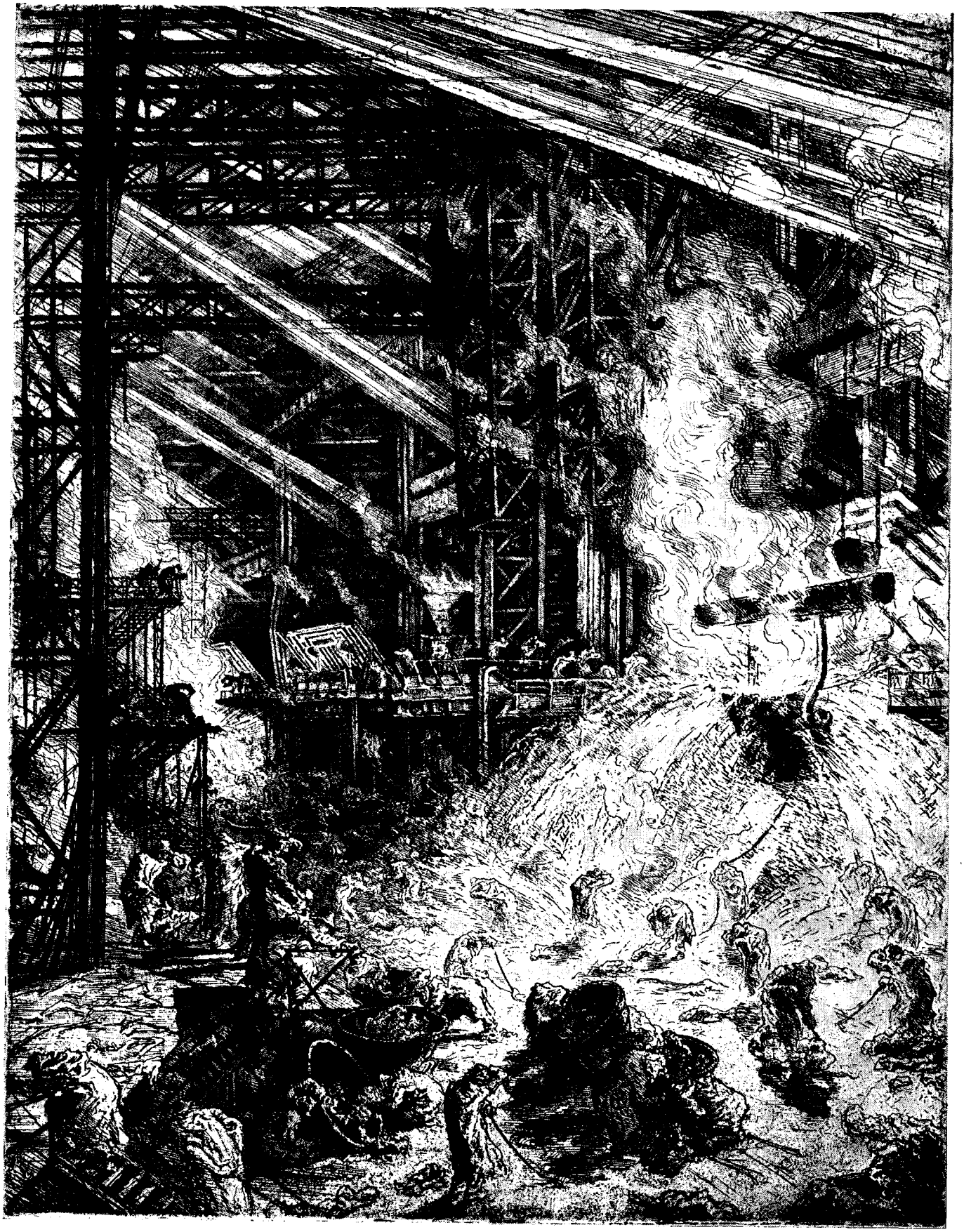

THE STEEL MILL

By Vladimír Silovský

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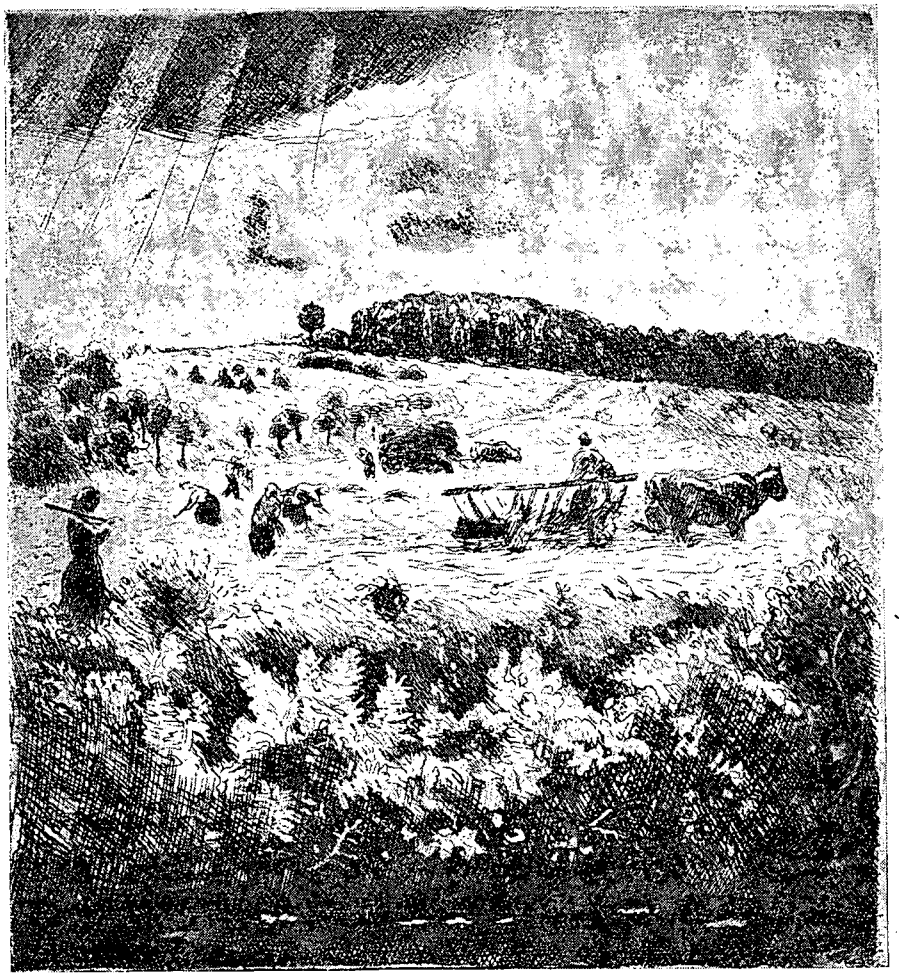
OLD MEN
By R. Lauda

AFTER many years of appreciation at home, Czech graphic art is becoming known abroad through international exhibitions Of the engravers the best known in this country is T. S. Šimon, who has made many charming color etchings of American scenes. The etchers represented on these two pages are stay-at-homes in subject matter. Silovský is famous for his plates of industrial turmoil and of picturesque quarters of Prague—not picturesque in the usual sense of quaintness, but for their human quality—the sand boat, the old market, the barren play spots just beyond the factory smoke, the third-class waitingroom. Lauda, too, is interested in people and gives us real folk, like the old men lounging above. Majer goes to pasture and farm for his subjects.



HARVEST-TIME
By Antonín Majer

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Czechoslovakia's Place in the World

By EDUARD BENES

Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia

THE policy pursued by Czechoslovakia ever since its establishment eleven years ago has been a policy of peace and of international cooperation. There is perhaps no other country of the same size which can show greater success in efforts for world peace. Within the eleven years' period the frontiers of Czechoslovakia have been definitely delimited and all outstanding questions touching their demarcation settled. Alliances have been made with the states of the Little Entente, the Habsburg question solved, agreements arrived at with Austria, Germany and Poland, and better relations, if nothing more, secured with Hungary. An honorable place was early secured for Czechoslovakia in international counsels, and for four successive years Czechoslovakia was represented on the Council of the League of Nations.

OUR aim has been to create the necessary stability and security in Central Europe. At the moment decisive for the international relations in Europe—the moment when Germany re-entered fully into the political sphere—Czechoslovakia took part in the Locarno Conference, and through it secured a guarantee of peace and collaboration with her most powerful neighbor. Czechoslovakia shared also in bringing the Kellogg Pact into operation and thus secured external peace for herself for decades to come, and gave herself leisure to apply herself to definitive upbuilding of the state within.

In the spirit of the League of Nations, Czechoslovakia conducted negotiations for treaties of peace and arbitration with European states, and the signature of all these treaties is today practically complete. If treaties are not all, they have at least a great practical and moral value, especially in the circumstances prevailing today. It has been my endeavour in the conduct of Czechoslovakia's foreign affairs to insure that no one could say that all possible and proper means of maintaining peace and of establishing Czechoslovakia's international position had not been made use of.

The Czechoslovak government has always followed the work of the League of Nations with special sympathy and never has failed during the whole of the past ten years in offering its cooperation. Czechoslovakia has participated not only in the work of all the league commissions, but also in all its efforts in the sphere of politics, economics and finance; in the question of disarmament, in the Locarno Conference, in the preliminary work for the Paris Peace Pact, and has supported to the utmost the efforts in favor of the principle of arbitration. In the past two years the Czechoslovak government, following the suggestion of the league, has concluded bilateral treaties of arbitration, combined with conventions of conciliation and non-aggression, with almost all European countries. Thus, despite all the difficulties, the idea of peace and the efforts towards consolidation are winning ground also in Central Europe. In spite of all difficulties, the political, legal and moral pacification of Europe—of the whole world—is progressing steadily. The great wounds are healing and good-will is increasing everywhere.

IN the next 20 to 40 years a great war is at least improbable. A concrete analysis of the moral, political and economic post-war world, and still more the evolution through which international politics today is passing provide the basis for my opinion. For the immediate future war, as the violent, military solution of international conflicts, has been rejected by the majority of nations, either from true moral conviction or for reasons of expediency, because war is politically useless and economically harmful. Conflicts may indeed be provoked by those who pay no heed to morality or to the danger or futility of war. Post-war tendencies, as I have shown, add still more certain guarantees to the general moral and political distaste for war, in that the work is going forward of organizing international law, and establishing a system of conciliation for the solution of all conflicts that might lead to war. Although this work is as yet incomplete and the new system shows many *lacunae,* it already has united in a moral and juridical alliance the great majority of the peoples and states of the world. Peaceful settlement of conflicts is not only more moral but also simpler and less costly. For these reasons I believe that war during the next decade, and for succeeding decades, is improbable.

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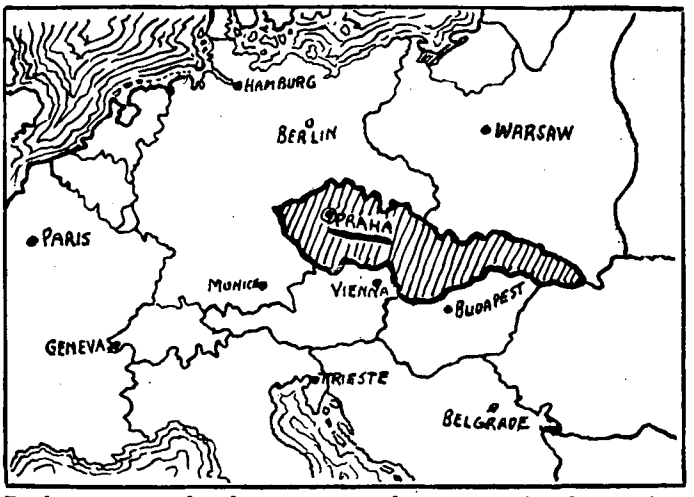
Beneš—Keeper of the Bridgehead

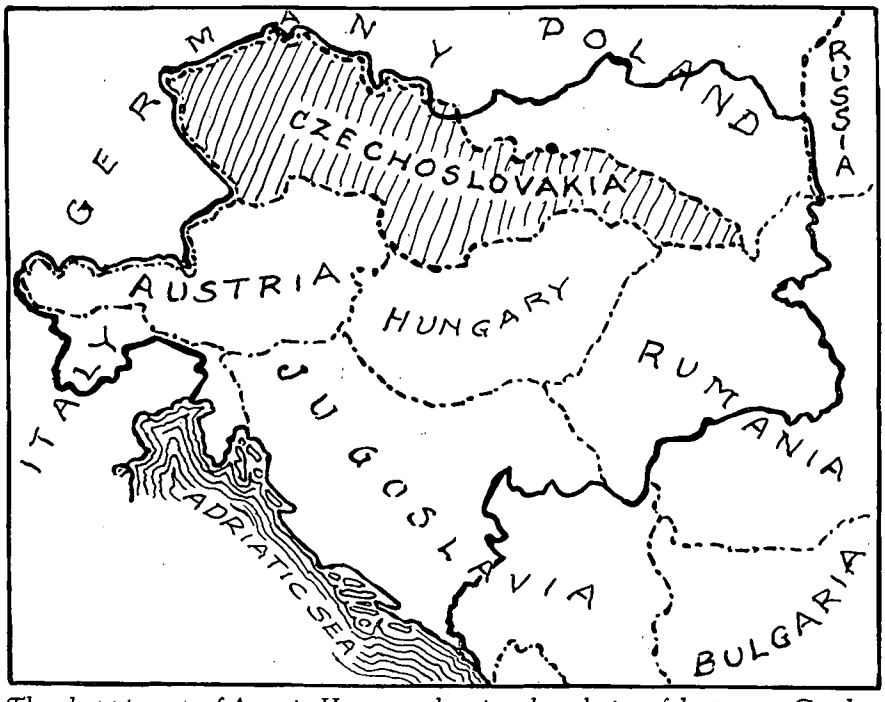


Bridge or spearhead, pointing either way—Czechoslovakia occupies a key position in the traffic-tides of Europe

ONE of the most important spots in the world, four feet by six perhaps in area, is a desk—in a big room of the ancient royal castle of Bohemia, crowning the city of Prague. Or, better still, it is in the brain or the heart, wherever may center the intelligence and the conscience, of the little man who functions at that desk. Namely, Dr. Eduard Beneš [pronounce him Bay-nesh], minister of foreign affairs of the Republic of Czechoslovakia; one of the chief custodians of the peace of the world.

The critical importance of that desk appears obviously in the political geography environing the country whose international intercourse it dominates. Look at Czechoslovakia as purposely emphasized on the accompanying maps, of Europe and of the disintegrated old Austria-Hungary among whose elements it was and continues to be the most vital and significant. See it there, bridge or buffer, barrier or shock-absorber — spearhead pointing either way — between Europe and Asia, pan-German and pan-Slav; between Roman and Byzantine, between Christianity and Islam, between democracy and medievalism. At one of the strategic intersections of traffic-tides, this region, like Belgium, Switzerland, Palestine, from the remote past has furnished a cockpit, in which even its own inhabitants, self-reliant, insubordinate under any outside rule, on their own account have suffered valiantly. More than perhaps any other locality in the world a contact-point, where in the incessant chemistry of colliding, merging cultures, sparks flash among the explosives left by centuries of conflict, dynastic, religious, racial.

I returned from Prague to Berlin on a through train which had come northward direct from Constantinople via Sofia, Belgrade, Buda-Pesth, Vienna. The train-crew exhibited a language-smattering of Turkish, Bulgarian, Magyar, Czech, German, French, English; I saw notices, newspapers, people, representing as did the train itself, the whole sweep of the German imperialists' Berlin-to-Bagdad dream. Those travelers, some of them perhaps from Mesopotamia and the Persian Gulf, were on the most direct route to Dresden, Cologne, Berlin, Hamburg, Amsterdam, Antwerp, Paris, London, New York . . . *through Prague.* What a difference it might make—what sort of personality, with what preconceptions and intent, what manner of conscience, sat vigilant at this one of the great bridgeheads of the world! Let us look him over.



The chopping-up of Austria-Hungary showing the relation of the present Czechoslovakia to the other sections. The heavy black line marks the old boundaries

A LITTLE man he is, this Beneš, slender, below medium height, alert, almost nervously quick in speech and manner, with something eagerly boyish in his instant pouncing upon ideas. Anything but foppish, he is nevertheless well-groomed as befits the one internationally outstanding representative (always excepting the towering figure of the President) of the government. He wears a small, close-cropped dark moustache; his keen eyes, looking straight and candidly at you in conversation, twinkle humorously under a forehead the higher because his fine, rather thin hair, still dark, is retiring over the top and beside the temples. Nearly all the photographs of him that I have seen show him smiling; he is companionable, jovial— as nearly jolly as any Czech I know; but on the job he is intensely, even anxiously serious. Once his teeth are in a business he can show a bulldog how to stay with it.

He will be 46 this 28th of May; born in 1884 at Kožlany near Pilsen in Bohemia. From the gymnasium in Prague he entered the university, but after one year went to France for study at the Sorbonne and at Dijon, in sociology, political science and law, with special attention to the labor movement and socialism. He got his doctorate in law in France, but returned to Prague for the one in philosophy. And then he went to teaching; first in the

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Academy of Commerce, then in the Polytechnic. Meanwhile he spent some time in London, getting the English language, in which he is perfectly at home with slight foreign accent, as he is likewise in French and German. He is and always has been a prolific writer on social, economic and political subjects; has numerous books to his credit.

INTO the Czech cause at the outbreak of the war he put all of himself, including his financial resources. He sought out Masaryk, to say that he thought all Czechs ought to take advantage of the opportunity to free their country.

"I am already at it," said Masaryk. Thereafter to this day they have been comrades. Of Beneš during the war the President says, "Work with him was easy and efficient. Politically and historically he was so well-trained that a word was enough."

For the thrilling story of his activities in Prague until he was obliged to escape by the skin of his teeth, and afterward in other places, I must refer to the President's The Making of a State, and to Beneš' own My War Memories. There you will see how they carried on their surreptitious campaign of organization and incitement, by means of their secret society, "Maffia," their underground correspondence, their cipher-codes and fictitious names. There you will read of the microscopic messages carried in hollow teeth and the stems of pipes; in balls of yarn, knotted in dots and dashes; by momentous communications disguised in advertisements in home and foreign newspapers. The most innocent-appearing item or single sentence or word might convey information of a seditious character. Beneš was known at various times as Bělsky, Berger, König, Novotny; it was as Šicha that he beat the hang-man by a nose to the frontier. His life, Masaryk's, and those of scores of others scarcely less active, wouldn't have been worth a nickel had the Habsburg government laid hands on them.

In the peace conference and the framing of the lesser treaties concerning the post-war reorganization of Central Europe, Beneš naturally played an active and highly influential part. His profound knowledge not only of Czech but of all European history, his wide acquaintance with men of all the allied governments, and the confidence in his sincerity instantly inspired by any personal contact with him, gave him great power.

HE always has played an influential part in the League of Nations, always representing Czechoslovakia during its membership from 1923 to 1927 in the Council. In the latter year he was made president of the Commission on Security; an appropriate and congenial post, for none knows better than he what that problem means to all of the "succession states" into which Austria-Hungary was carved. The peace treaties, especially that of Trianon, left many dissatisfied minorities in Central Europe, smoldering embers of irredentism to menace the permanence of peace. That is the nightmare against which was erected the "Little Entente," that three-cornered set of mutual defense agreements among Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia and Rumania, virtually guaranteed by France. And that is one at least of the real reasons for the reluctance of France to diminish her land-armament. Czechoslovakia's own large army and the strictness of her resistance to any threat from adherents of the old order, as well as from the opposite end of the scale in communism, account for the jeers which in the extreme quarters greet all her protestations of democracy.

"I do not like your censorship, especially of newspapers," I said to Dr. Beneš. "Your Constitution impeccably guarantees freedom of speech and of the press. It reads well. I believe that citizens of any republic should have the right to criticize their government or to advocate even radical changes. But I have seen blank spaces in some of your newspapers. . . ."

"I agree with you absolutely," he broke in. "But you must remember that we have the task of making a new state under very great difficulties; that we have Bolshevism at our door and that there are near neighbors who would dismember us if they could. This is no academic question, but one of the most vital import. We shall have to be very vigilantly on our guard for a long time yet—until the old, pre-war mentality has died out with those who have it. Any people who in these days of peaceful conference and arbitration believe in war, hope for war, depend upon war to gain their ends or even to redress what they regard as wrongs, are moribund already; however little they may know it. They belong to a dead past. Peace will come with the passing away of those who still dream of restoring the old conditions, and with the growing economic *rapprochement* which will make political boundary lines increasingly invisible."

"I will gladly sign tomorrow—no, today!—an unqualified treaty of arbitration with Hungary," he added. "Thus far they have refused either to sign or to give reasons why they will not sign. We are not afraid of Hungary. We should like to be friends with her. I never stop hoping and believing that we yet shall be."

DO not imagine for a moment that Foreign Minister Beneš is universally approved of in Czechoslovakia, where partisan politics is a principal constituent of the very cradle's atmosphere. He has his bitter political enemies both within and without his own National Socialist Party. Some condemn his whole policy of conciliation in foreign affairs; there are plenty of hard-boiled reactionaries who long ago would have been at war with Hungary. Some are merely jealous of his eminence and quality; weary, so to speak, of seeing "Aristides lift his honest front." Some resent his peculiarly close personal relations with President Masaryk, who is quite generally supposed to look upon Beneš as logically his successor. Just now the President's denial of a rumor that he would retire upon his 80th birthday is regarded by many as a gesture in the interest of Beneš who at the moment is more than commonly criticized for permitting the Reparations Conference to leave Czechoslovakia saddled with any share of the Austro-Hungarian liabilities. "After all," they say, "were we a victor or a vanquished country?"

I was first drawn to this little man upon hearing him speak at Geneva in 1924, at a luncheon of the "American Committee." Never have I heard a more stirring appeal for good neighborship in the world; for meeting controversy with understanding, for doing away with the underlying causes of old fears and suspicions. That is the spirit of his own declaration, printed elsewhere in this issue. He regards all of the counter-tendencies of today as temporary; he pointed out to me the immense progress toward international understanding made within ten short years. He looks with philosophic calm and optimism even upon the inevitable conflict between cultures as the West faces the Orient. For the solution of all these problems he looks to ultimate truth, through painstaking study of causes and remedies; through international friendship and cooperation.

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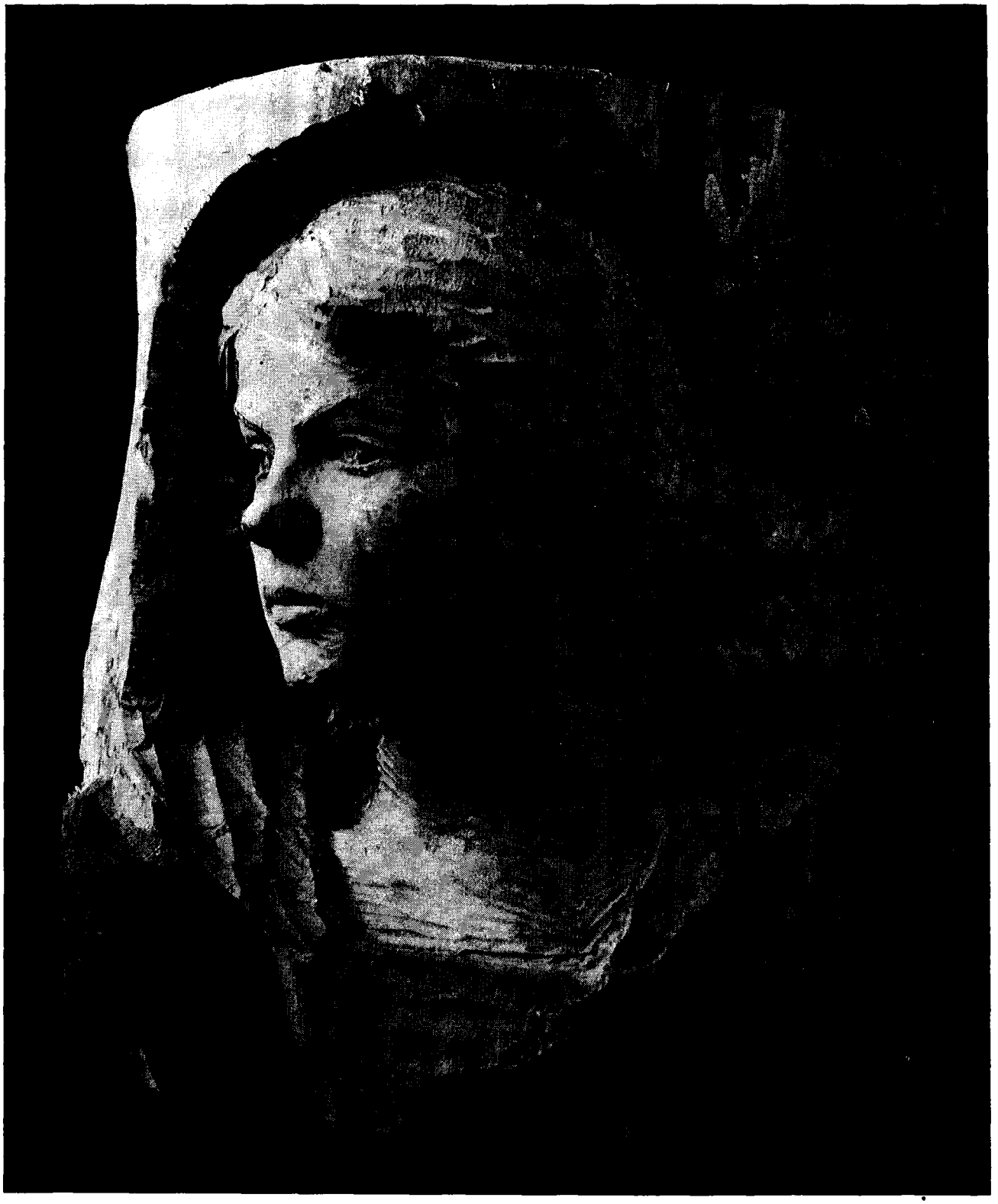

Head of a Young Girl. Woodcarving, 1919

František Bílek

The sculptor Bílek, born in 1872, is a distinctive figure in present-day Czechoslovakia. He portrays the mystery of life, the ecstasy of religion, mankind overcome by the infinite. Among his well-known sculptures are Peace at the Cross, the Lament of Ezekiel, the Bitter Taste of the Earth, and a moving war memorial. He works in clay, stone, bronze and wood. One of the finest pieces is a portrait in wood of the mystic, Otakar Březina.

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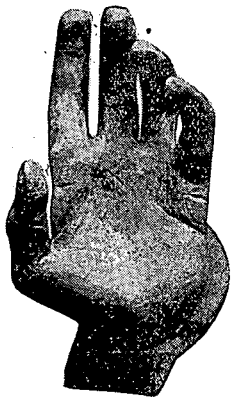
Memorial to Němcová, authoress of the novel Babička (Grandmother) in Ratibořice, 1922



Otto Gutfreund

One of the tragedies of the new republic was the early death of the young Gutfreund, known to us only through his three figures in the Brooklyn Museum exhibit of the Société Anonyme, in 1926.

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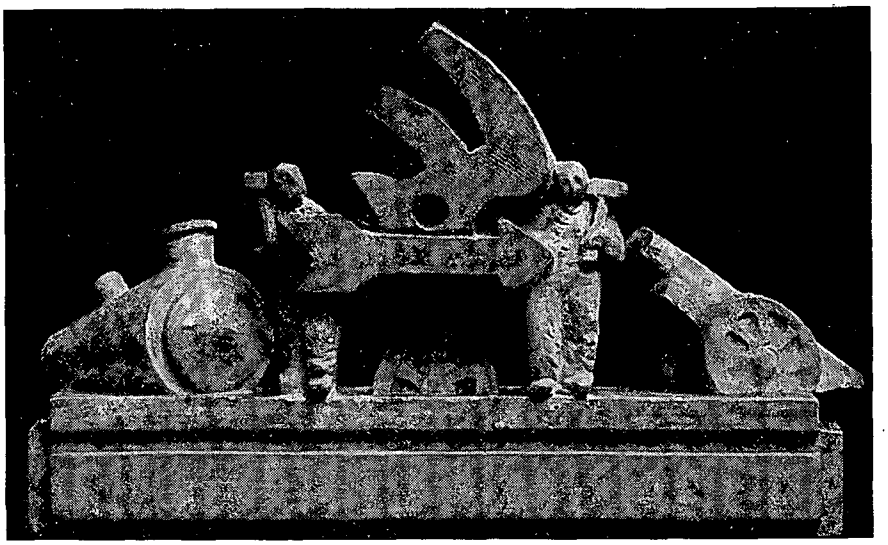
Designs in plaster for three of the modern figures—social life, office, coffee house—for the front of the Riunione Adriatica di Sicurtà building in Prague



Gutfreund was an experimenter. He who looks only for sheer beauty in sculpture will not like his deliberate crudity. He could model exquisite forms. Yet, as in his memorial to Němcová, on the opposite page, his method achieved the appropriate simplicity. In the modern figures on this page, almost grotesques, he evolved a kind of sculpture peculiarly fitted to the architecture of the new commercial buildings for Prague.

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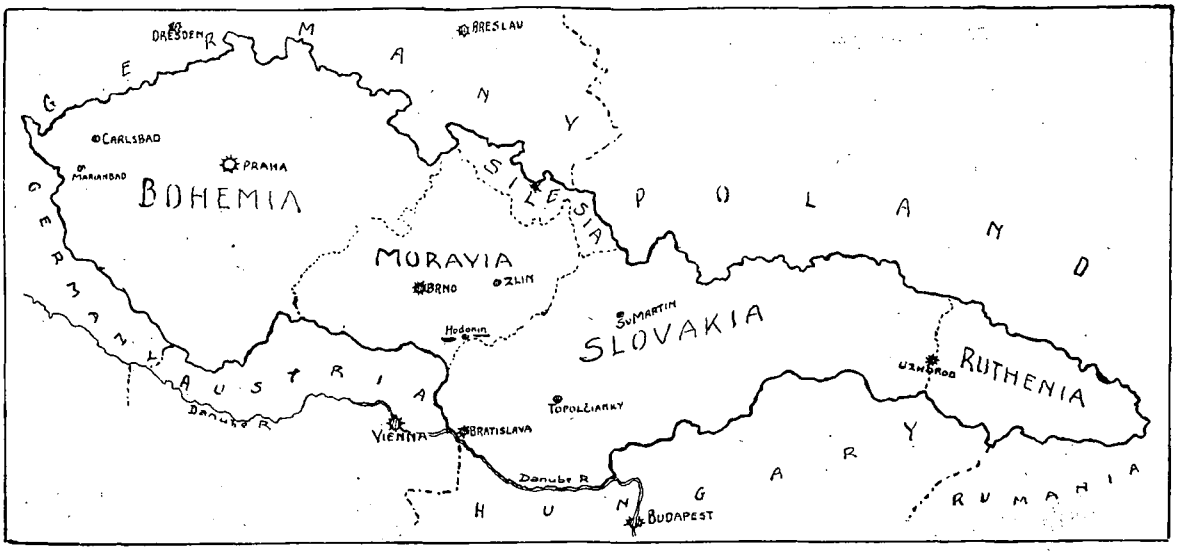

The Five Provinces—showing Hodonin, birthplace of Masaryk, and other settings for these articles

Fifty Centuries Vertical

From Cave Man to Masaryk in Czechoslovakia

STRAIGHT down through two thousand years of history, on my own feet I went, from Today to the beginning of the Christian Era. Overhead in the sunshine, the blue-red-white flag of the brand-new Republic of Czechoslovakia floated disdainful above the 18th century bridge from castle to cathedral, built so that proud and dainty Maria Theresa, arch-duchess of Austria and queen of Hungary and Bohemia, could go under shelter fifty yards to mass. Fifty feet and twenty centuries below ground, with my own eyes I saw the very earthwork built in the Roman fashion of Julius Caesar's time. It was a thrilling experience, and you may have it yourself when next you go to Prague.

Before you start down you shall see also, in the Wenceslas Museum, side-by-side, two great bells, of hardly less notable significance. One is replica of an ancient one in the church at Boleslav, memorial of "Good King Wenceslas" who ruled benevolently in Bohemia a thousand years ago. The other, lately discovered in obscurity at Užhorod in far Ruthenia by Edward T. Heyn, Prague correspondent of The New York Times, is that facsimile of our own Liberty Bell which ten years ago was given by the school children of America to those of Czechoslovakia. It is an expensive business to cart such a thing about a country, and once it got down to Užhorod it stayed there. But now it stands in the castle, preciously guarded, under the old portraits of extinct Habsburgs, including Maria Theresa, her father, Francis of Lorraine; Joseph II, father-in-law of Napoleon, and many others; in the room which used to be the court, where royalty and judges sat on thrones, the nobility in a high gallery, with a lowly cage for the common herd. I saw a lot of the school children of Prague, standing before the Liberty Bell, with teachers explaining.

A couple of years ago they started to reconstruct the pavement of the great court within the castle walls. Immediately they found themselves intruding upon history. They kept on through layer after layer of past time. Soon was perceived the scientific importance of these discoveries; the excavations were put under the direction of scholars of history and archaeology, competent to recognize and interpret the sequence of these strata. There are monographs about them now. I have not read them; they are still only in Czech.

So down and down, back and back they went, digging out halls and stairways that were filled up and then built upon. Past the comparatively recent construction of the early Habsburgs, past the doing of Charles IV, the Holy Roman emperor who acquired the throne of Bohemia upon the death of his father John of Luxemburg, killed by his side at Crecy; past the doings of Wenceslas himself. They uncovered the original paved floor and altar-site of a church of the early Christians, representing perhaps the time when the missionaries Cyril and Methodius came up from Salonika to bring the gospel to Pribina, first of the Christian princes. Probably there was previously a pagan temple there. Beside this pavement still lie the skeletons of monks and parishioners, staring out of empty eye-sockets at the electric lights intruding upon their slumber. Still farther below was found the original paved entrance-way to the castle, built in the first place—God knows when. And beneath all, down behind the base of the ancient wall, they found the high earthen fortification which long preceded it—the very work itself, cored with interlacing logs of time-charred oak. While we were gaping there the lights went out, leaving us standing in Stygian darkness, among the ghosts of twenty centuries.

But you can go in Czechoslovakia vastly farther back than that stuff of yesterday, to uncoverings by the joint expedition of the University of Pennsylvania Museum and the Peabody Museum of Harvard—mere preliminary scratchings at that—as far back as 3,000 B. C. Vladimir J. Fewkes, director of the expedition, declares that "problems relating to the antiquity of mankind may be more closely approached, and possibly solved, by extensive excavations in Czechoslovakia."

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HORIZONTALLY, too, the problems of the five provinces constituting Czechoslovakia are intricate with manifold inheritance, out of which these people are trying to compose a national unity. It was a difficult business of the peace-conferences even to establish boundaries for the new country; to agree upon the "historic frontiers"; involving the taking in and the leaving out of Germans, Magyars, Poles, Rumanians, Russians — the specter of new wars of irredentism. The Czechoslovak railroad giving access to the east skirts the edge of Hungary, and it cuts off from their motherland a large and angry minority of folk who really ought to be in Hungary. There is in the north end of Bohemia a considerable area which the treaty-makers at Paris were prepared, and the Czechs were willing, to concede to Germany. But the Germans living there preferred to take their chances with the Czechs rather than to share the burdens of the vanquished within their own fatherland! Down in Slovakia, around Bratislava, up-and-coming Slovaks, desirous of keeping their bread butter-side-up, had been at great pains to Magyarize themselves. Overnight they found the underdogs on top, and all their former assets turned into liabilities. The Slovak shepherds who used to migrate into the Hungarian plain in the season of agricultural labor suddenly found across their path the new boundary of a foreign country. Some Hungarians who had invested their all in factories and mines in Slovakia were cut off from the other side, and ruined.

Nor was it all pie and sweetmeats for the Czechs themselves. Bohemia and Moravia constituted the great industrial region of Austria-Hungary. When the boundary-makers got through, here was this region made into a new country by itself, with Slovakia and Ruthenia's relatively poor population attached, and a new tariff wall between it and what formerly had been its market. This is why export business is so vital a matter to the manufacturing Czechs; why they look with great concern upon what the United States may do to shut out their products.

Photo by Ewing Galloway, New York

The Geese

Ah geese, my little geese,
How little do you know
That on your snowy breasts
My dowry fair doth grow.

For I shall have my beds
Out of your downy lot;
In them my dearest love
Will take me to his cot.

There I shall spread them out,
In covers fine and light;
And there we both shall sleep,
Like stars in doublets white.

—*Josef Kalus*

From An Anthology of Czechoslovak Poetry,
Columbia University Press

Much talked of is the issue of language, especially as between Czech and German; Czech and Magyar. One could write many words about it. Amusing, and irritating too, is the common pretense among the Czechs that they do not understand German, when in fact most of them understand it perfectly. Once they had to; now they will not. Times without number in Prague and elsewhere I spoke in such German as I had, and was answered in Czech which I could not understand at all. Quite ludicrous are the devices for "putting German in its place." Over the money-exchange office in the Wilson railroad station at Prague the sign is in five languages:

Šmenarna (Czech)
Bureau de Change (French)
Exchange Office (English)
Cambio di Valute (Italian)
Wechselstube (German)

Always German last; yet there are a hundred persons in Czechoslovakia who understand German for every one who can understand any other foreign language. All this is post-war, and natural enough; it is passing away; but to the Czechs, even more than to the Irish with their ancient Gaelic, it is a thing of deep emotions; their language is a symbol of all that is glorious in their past, as well as of the oppressions under which they have lived; it is the ikon of their national self-respect. I soon came to see, what Czechs with whom I

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talked about this do not so clearly see; namely that the German language—and the Magyar tongue of the Hungarians as well—is to their hatred an effigy not of race or nationality but of caste-tyranny. Czech and German, and to a lesser degree Slovak and Hungarian, are inextricably interwoven and interbred. There are Czechs with German names,

Greek tableau, feature of a Sokol meet

Germans with Czech names. I met two brothers whose name was unmistakably Czech; one of them insisted that his ancestry was German, the other that it was Bohemian. You cannot possibly tell from the name over a shop-entrance whether on the inside you will find a German speaking Czech or a Czech speaking German. All this language-psychosis traces back to the days when feudal tyrants were all foreigners, and forced their language upon the people.

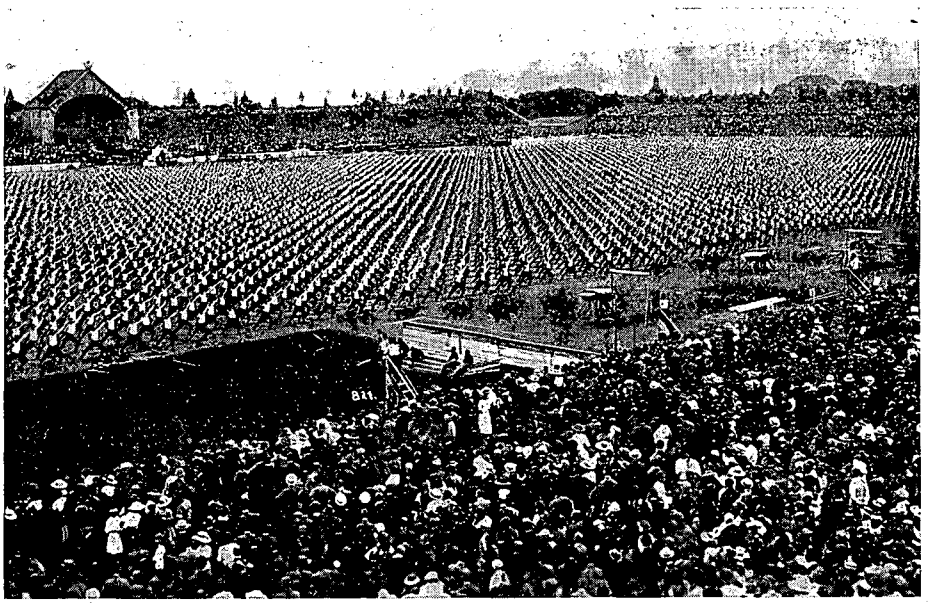
And this accounts to me for a widespread coolness toward foreigners as such. The Czechoslovak has been for so many centuries an international foot-mat, that now that he is free he is apt to over-do it. . . . Like a child who always has been the victim of tyranny in home and school—having at last a chance to kick up his heels and tell all manner of elders exactly where they get off. This accounts, too, for their determination to try their own experiments. Just outside of Prague there is a stretch of highway, paved at intervals with various sorts of pavement. They are "finding out which is best." No use to tell them about the millions we have spent in finding out just that—they want no second-hand experience. Still, one has not to go to Bohemia to find people "sot" in their own ways!

PLENTY of material here for tales of discord; but I have preferred in these articles to dwell upon the many things going forward to make for the unity these fine people on the whole are seeking. Such for instance was the great celebration last September of the millenium of "Good King Wenceslas," who, as you well enough recall, if you remember John Neal's poem of our '70's that you used to sing to its 13th century melody as a Christmas carol,

> . . . . . looked out,
> On the Feast of Stephen,
> When the snow lay round about,
> Deep and crisp and even.

He abolished public executions, removed gibbets, and forbade the use of torture as a means of extorting confessions. He was canonized by the Church of Rome, and as one of the patron saints of Czechoslovakia is a perfectly good Catholic offset for John Hus, hero to the Protestants. This celebration went far to remedy the situation created in 1925, when in celebration of the 510th anniversary of Hus's martyrdom the flag of the Hussites was flown over the castle at Prague. They do not mind Hus himself so much; but this flag is particularly abhorrent to the Catholics, because its feature is the chalice, the Cup of the Last Supper. It represents and revives one of the Hussite demands: that in the celebration of the mass, the chalice as well as the bread, should be given to the laity. This is in the eyes of the church a vital issue; the flaunting of the provocative emblem meant far more than honor to the memory of Hus. The papal nuncio left Prague in indignant protest.

The celebration of the Wenceslas millenium was seized by President Masaryk and others concerned primarily for the



Czechs from all over the world return for the great Sokol congresses

nation's unity as a priceless opportunity for a demonstration of impartiality among the sects. He made the most of the occasion. On the evening of September 29 he and his daughter Alice attended the performance of the new oratorio, St. Wenceslas, composed for the occasion. Conspicuous in the boxes were brilliantly-robed cardinals and prelates from all over Europe, including Rome itself. Alice Masarykova contributed her characteristically irenic note, declaring that however one might feel about this or that secondary circumstance, all parties could celebrate in good conscience "a thousand years of Christianity in Czechoslovakia!" Next day there was an immense procession, representing every province and section of the republic. For hours we watched the marchers; delegations of peasants from innumerable villages in their multi-colored costumes, and especially the

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Photos by Ewing Galloway, New York

Cows are yoked together and used extensively for farm work where money is scarce

long, swinging lines, blocks and blocks of them, of men, women and children of the Sokols—that great athletic organization peculiar to Czechoslovakia, core of its physical development, playing an even greater part in the life of the nation than the Turners do in Germany. The largest bodies were those of the Catholic Sokols. So was that hatchet buried.

I WAS delayed in meeting the President by his preoccupation with a political "crisis," involving resignation of the cabinet and preparations for new elections. They were held in late October, and resulted, as was foreseen, in substantially confirming the stability of the moderate radicals—so-called; really Socialism in Czechoslovakia resembles most the "progressivism" which nominated Roosevelt in 1912. The fact is that Communism, as in Germany, is not a social, economic or political program, but a symbol of discontent and protest. Real Communists, definitely in alliance with Moscow, are relatively few. Not long ago the government isolated certain military units, so as to analyze the "soldier vote." The soldiers discontented with military life and discipline, voted Communist. Yet the great majority of them were peasants, among whom real Communist conviction is, as in Germany, exceedingly rare. Czechoslovakia has found its political center of gravity "left-center."

Everybody votes; it is compulsory—you get fined in Czechoslovakia for staying away from the polls. Yes, women vote; in all respects, theoretically at least, they are on a par with men. Emancipation of women has been a tenet of the Czechs for three hundred years and more, though the Habsburg rule curtailed even their educational opportunities. As long ago as 1890 Charlotte Masaryk translated into Czech John Stuart Mill's essay on the Subjection of Women.

IT IS impossible in the space at our command to survey even superficially all or even many aspects of Czechoslovakia. One would like to tell, for one example, the story of Captain Voska, the Bohemian-American sculptor (now important in Czechoslovak commerce with America) who once peddled little statues on the sidewalk at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, and virtually headed the Czech secret-service during the war; whose daughter chanced to sit beside the German Dr. Albert when he left that precious dossier of incriminating documents in an elevated train. . . . I should like to pay tribute to the distinguished Czechoslovaks, such as Dr. Ales Hrdlicka and innumerable others, who have contributed brilliantly to American life. Here are only a few "high spots" to provoke your further quest—I know of none more interesting or more rewarding.

"What can I read as background for what you have been saying about Masaryk, about Czechoslovakia?" Many are asking me that. I could give you a bibliography as long as your arm. Yes, in English; if you can read Czech, or even German, there is an interminable list. Look for instance at the bibliography under "Czechoslovakia," "Bohemia," etc., in the Encyclopedia Britannica. Better still, write to Orbis, the great Czech publishing house (address: Orbis, Fochova 62, Prague XII, Czechoslovakia) for their catalog, which includes twenty pages of references in English. It will consume space enough here to mention only a very few books in

Binding flax by hand in Slovakia

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English, recent, readable, easy of access, which have been especially helpful to me.

First of all I commend to you Jessie Mothersole's delightful Czechoslovakia: the Land of an Unconquerable Ideal. (1926, London, John Lane; New York, Dodd, Mead & Co.) It is exquisitely illustrated in colors and drawings by the author; fruit of two years' residence and exploration, covering just what you want to know, with notable intelligence and charm. Perfect preparation for a visit to Czechoslovakia.

For your soul's good you must read President Masaryk's

Moravian girls wearing lovely head-dresses and embroidered aprons

own The Making of a State: Memories and Observations, published in 1927 by Allen & Unwin, London; New York, by F. A. Stokes & Co. This English version was edited, with his own introduction, by Henry Wickham Steed, editor of the English Review of Reviews, long a close student of Central European affairs, and an intimate friend of Masaryk. In the form of a narrative it is autobiographical, covering with much detail Professor Masaryk's intense tireless activity, taking him round the world in behalf of his country's freedom. But it goes far beyond and deeper than that; beyond the whole objective purview of Europe, of the world. It is alive in every line with the inadvertent self-disclosure of the personality, character, purpose, philosophy, spiritual vision, of a very great man, despite all success and adulation completely unconscious of his own greatness. One hardly can understand Czechoslovakia without this book, this personality of which it is an extraordinarily revealing portrait.

Preparatory to it, however, it were well to read first a new biography of Masaryk, hot off the griddle; published within the past few days in New York by the Association Press: Masaryk, Nation-Builder, by Donald Lowrie, who has been studying at the University of Prague for several years and knows the President well. It has an introduction by Dr. John H. Finley, and is simple, compact, colorful, frankly adoring; perfectly fitted to be an introduction to Masaryk's own story.

My War Memories, by Dr. Eduard Beneš, Czechoslovak minister of foreign affairs (1928, London, Allen & Unwin; Boston, Houghton-Mifflin Co.) while complete and self-sufficient, is complementary to Masaryk's book; like it self-revealing, readable, hardly less informing and altogether charming.

By itself, *sui generis,* stands and will stand Schweik, the Good Soldier, by Jaroslav Hasek, newly published in America by Doubleday, Doran & Co., though all Europe has been holding its sides over it for a considerable time. This is the Rabelaisian narrative of military adventure of a rear-rank private from Prague which in 1916 *laughed* the Czech soldiers out of the Austro-Hungarian lines. Published serially in Prague by a convivial Czech journalist returned from a long war-imprisonment in Russia, and interrupted by his death, it is extremely funny, certainly disposing of any suggestion that the Czechs are always solemn or lacking in humor. Of course it infuriates all militarists, and especially army officers who find it full of humiliating disclosures about their caste, about the screaming absurdity of the military trade. I predict long life for this book. This incredibly simple-hearted soldier, ostentatiously intent upon performing his duty however ridiculous the results, possibly may rank in literature with Tartarin

A colorful group gathered for a wedding party in a Slovak village

de Tarascon, even with Amadis de Gual and Sancho Panza —not to say with the immortal Don Quixote himself.

You can get a sense of Czech and Slovak literature from either or both of two anthologies. The more comprehensive though still a small book, is An Anthology of Czechoslovak Literature, Selected and Translated, with an Introduction, by Paul Selver (1929, London: Kegan Paul). Renderings

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in English of outstanding things in prose and verse from the works of well-known writers, from Hus Chelčicky and Komenský of old to authors still extant. Here you will find Komenský's Testament which inspired Masaryk with its promise, now fulfilled: "Rule over thine own possessions shall return to thee, O Czech people!" The other is An Anthology of Czechoslovak Poetry, edited by Clarence A. Manning, assistant professor of Slavonic language and literature at Columbia University, with assistance of Anna V. Čapek and Alois B. Koukol. (1929, New York, Columbia University Press). It is the first of a projected series of Publications of the Institute of Czechoslovak Studies.

The Year Book of the Czechoslovak Republic (Orbis, 1929) is an indispensable compendium of information. The subjects range from commercial statistics, history and politics to music and art. It is compact, but will answer most of your questions and many that might not occur to you. Any bookseller can get it for you. There is also the fine scholarly symposium, Czechoslovakia—a Survey of Economic and Social Conditions, edited by Dr. Josef Gruber. Though published (by Macmillan) in 1924, it is by no means out of date.

Photo by Ewing Galloway, New York

The rich embroideries of old Slovak costumes are still made in some sections, encouraged by folk industry societies

SATURATED with this atmosphere you will have begun to realize how rich a field this little country offers from any point of departure. For the mere tourist it presents opportunity promising enough; for the exceptional one with a real historic perspective there is no region of Europe more interesting. It is not far away; once you are in Europe it is easy of access; as easy from Paris as Chicago from New York; a quick run from Vienna. We left Berlin by train at 8 o'clock in the morning and were in our hotel at Prague by 4, including an hour's delay at the frontier. The aeroplanes go back and forth in all directions with the same supercilious precision as elsewhere in Europe and a remarkable record for safety. Prague is a focus of good automobile roads. The mails from America take only a few hours longer than to Paris and Berlin; not so long as to Rome and Naples. Though Czechoslovakia is buried away in the heart of Europe there is really a "coast of Bohemia" on three salt waters: the North Sea and so the Atlantic, at Hamburg; the Adriatic and so the Mediterranean, at Trieste; the Black Sea and so the Bosphorus, down the Danube from Bratislava. The front sea-door is in the free port of Hamburg, where in accordance with the peace-treaties adequate docking has been provided; when I left Prague the Central European Lloyd Czechoslovak Shipping Company was getting under way to use it. I was told at Hamburg that it is principally the Czechoslovak commerce which since the war has made that the second largest seaport in the world—in point of volume second only to New York.

Photo by Adelia Corraz

In Prague goods go home pickaback in the wicker basket

WHERE is that people which has not with one hand stoned its living prophets while with the other garnishing the sepulchres of those whom its fathers persecuted? Judge Czechoslovakia by that test. It was not the Czechs who burned John Hus and drove Komenský into exile. It is precisely the Czechs who have placed the living Masaryk upon their highest pedestal. His (*Cont. on page* 688)

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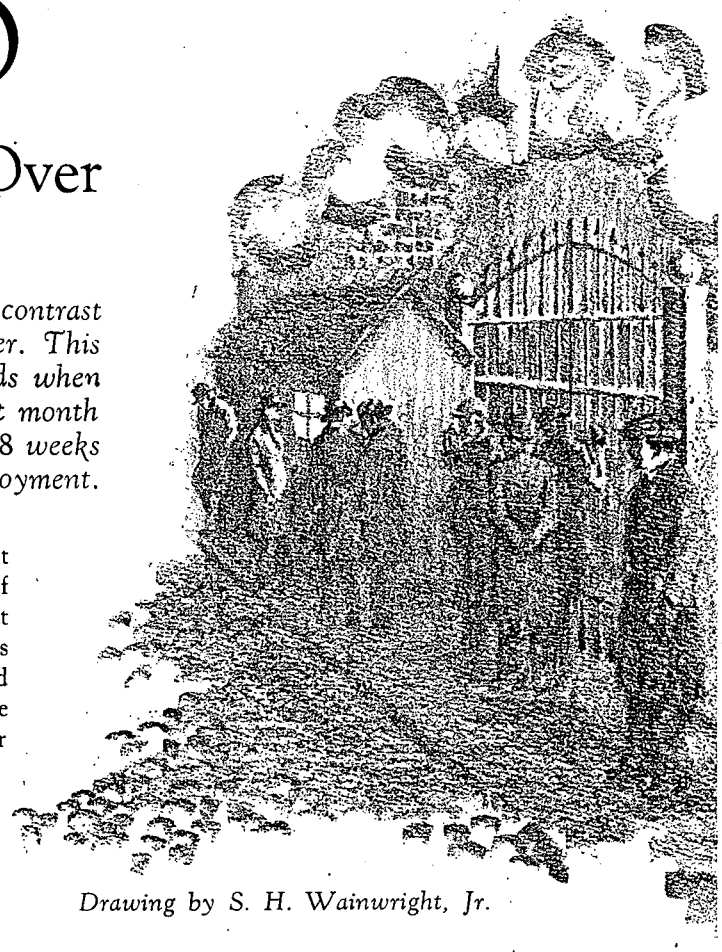
TOLEDO

A City the Auto Ran Over

By BEULAH AMIDON

The first of two staff articles which dramatize the contrast in the fortunes of American wage-earners this winter. This month Toledo, epitome of old hire-and-fire methods when taken over by our mass production industries; next month Ivorydale, a payroll that floats with guarantee of 48 weeks work a year in the midst of the widespread unemployment.



Drawing by S. H. Wainwright, Jr.

IT costs ten cents to ride on the streetcar out to the Willys-Overland plant on the edge of Toledo, Ohio. If you need a transfer to get there, it costs a penny more. And eleven cents is an important sum to a man who has had no regular wages for months. Most of the men seeking work at the plant these days walk from their homes to the factory gates, often six or eight miles through the lamplit streets. When I reached the yard outside the employment office, a little before seven one January morning, I found hundreds of jobless men standing in the vague darkness like the lost fragment of an army. A few of them were talking—hopefully or bitterly—but most of them stood, silent and weary, while the sleet and the wind slashed at them. Many had plodded out to the factory morning after morning for weeks only to be told each time, "Nothing today, but come back tomorrow."

The Willys-Overland payroll dropped from about 28,000 last March to 4,000 in November. While there are more than two hundred local industries normally employing fifty or more men, the controlling factor in the city's industrial life is the big auto works, and the tide of activity in Toledo's factories ebbs and flows with good times and bad "out at the plant." Employment figures of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association for fifty-one Toledo firms showed 16,000 fewer men at work January 1 than at the same time a year ago in a population of 320,000. Toledo is not alone. Overland has suffered in common with the rest of the motor industry this winter; the local situation in the automobile centers has been the worst since 1921. It merely underscores, however, what has befallen year after year a city dominated by one industry, when that industry has carried on a hire-and-fire policy, reckless of its consequences to homes and households, sucking men in from other industries to their disruption, sucking them in from other cities and states, and turning them adrift as quickly. It is a policy which the new head of the Willys-Overland company himself denounced in a recent vigorous speech before the Toledo Chamber of Commerce. L. A. Miller said:

It is a crime to have men busy for eight or nine months and then spend three or four months in idleness. These plant workers have wives and children, who must live and have the comforts and some of the luxuries of life. Often I try to put myself in the place of the workingman who, because of some wrong policy of the manufacturer or some other condition, is out of work for long periods of time. Such idleness is an economic wrong, but it exists not only in Toledo but in every other community in this country. I feel it very keenly and I would like to see Toledo blaze the way to a new and better plan that will make seasonal unemployment unnecessary.

Mr. Miller's words are an augury of a better day. But until his words become reality at the hands of the company, Overland workers and the city of Toledo are paying the costs of the old order which, with exceptions, characterizes this new mass production industry.

"OVERLAND hasn't never had nothing but a good old-fashioned employment system," I was told by a skilled worker who has been with Overland off and on for fifteen years.

They don't know there's been anything found out about hiring and firing men for fifty years. When they want to take on they advertise for help and line 'em up at the factory door. When work slacks up, out you go. A man maybe's spent his eleven cents for carfare and come out to go to work at his regular job at seven o'clock and at ten minutes past seven his foreman says to him, "We don't need you no more, Bill. We're laying off six men in this department today. Get your time downstairs." Two-three weeks later, maybe that man is back on his job—and maybe not. Men that have been with them a long time and they know for good workers they'll send for when work picks up. But sometimes it's hard sleddin' while you wait for the pick-up to come.

I talked with a good many men as they waited their turn at the factory gates who were bitter about Overland's policy of maintaining a labor surplus. "They keep stringin' you along," one young Kentuckian said, "Tellin' you to come back over and over." The weary-faced man behind him added:

They know there ain't going to be jobs for us tomorrow, but they say "come back" just the same. And why do I come?

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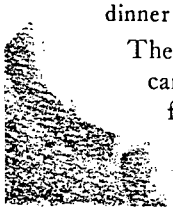
Say, there's no jobs any place. I've been clear around. And I figure to myself maybe there's a chance here, someone might get sick or something. And I might be the lucky guy. It's better than sitting home in a cold house anyway, listenin' to my missus grouch. She's nearly crazy. The clock keeps tickin' toward dinner time, whether I'm workin' or whether I ain't.



The eyes of an upstanding young Polish-American of twenty were hard with hatred. His father, he said, had come to Toledo in 1913 and had been "in and out of the plant" ever since. He himself had given up high school at eighteen, in his junior year,

because the old man got laid off for good, I guess and there's six younger'n me. Thing I hate worst about Overland is the way they lie to you.

"Nothin' today, but we're taking on more men every day." Yeah. My cousin got laid off yesterday. And the man that lives across the street from us, his foreman told him his job don't last after this week. But this mealy-mouthed chap in here'll tell you anything to keep you hangin' on. Because Overland don't intend to get caught short-handed if things should happen to open up. And we can go to hell. You're lucky to be a steel casting if Overland plans to use you. They look after their parts—you bet they do. But men—yeah, and men's wives and kids—they should worry about us. Hell!

Near him stood an ex-miner from the Illinois coal fields:

You know the papers are always full of this tripe about how good conditions are in Toledo, and jobs for everybody and so on. Well, about a month ago they run this piece about Overland being so busy they got to take on seventy-five hundred men the next morning. Say, they was a mob here. And how many do you suppose they took on? They took on five. No, ma'am, not five hundred—I mean five men. They was a riot. We like to of tore down the plant. All the furniture in the employment office was smashed up and windows went, and it was getting serious when the police got here. There's been a little trouble several times, but that was a regular riot.

Overland's employment manager, John Price, is not a trained personnel man and feels that "a lot of this new industrial relations business is just tomfoolery." He told me that he has thousands of applications for jobs every week, though he thought that "not over five thousand of our regular workers are unemployed now." He believed that most of the "floaters" who come in when there are reports of "good times" in Toledo had returned to their homes. "But they'll likely be coming back again."

Asked whether the industrial relations department was very active, he replied, "Our workers are always contented, but especially when times are like this. We don't hear any complaints these days at all. We haven't had any labor trouble here for years. Our men are a contented lot."

There was a futile strike at Overland ten years ago, and since then responsibility for employer-employe relations has been solely in the hands of the management. An executive of the company, a well-tailored, emphatic gentleman, in a beautifully furnished office, told me: "One of the main things the matter with Toledo is too much charity—too much giving something for nothing."

"BUT," I suggested, "suppose you yourself could find work only five or six months a year, at workman's wages, with bills piling up while you were laid off, and never work enough to get caught up—what could you do in long stretches of unemployment except ask relief?"

He snorted. "I wouldn't be sucker enough to work like that, that's all," he replied.

At present, the only measure of security Overland workers have is their Employes' Mutual Benefit Association, an insurance scheme run entirely by the men. They pay a dollar

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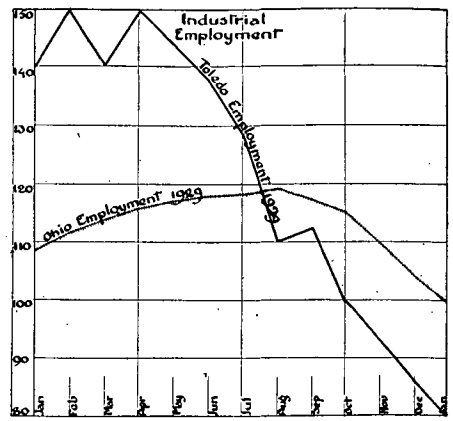
a month into the fund, and in case of sickness, they receive seven dollars a week for three weeks, and then ten dollars a week up to a total of twenty-seven weeks disability. In case of death, a member's beneficiaries receive $1,000. The Ohio workmen's compensation law covers them in case of accident.

For any emergency, growing out of the other hazard of broken work, Overland employes must turn to the community. Last spring, the Toledo Community Chest raised $920,000, topping its goal by $55,000. There were more than 80,000 individual contributors to this fund, which depends on community support rather than on a few large contributions. John N. Willys personally gives $15,000 to the fund, the company gives $15,000, while the contributions of Overland employes mounted up to $69,000.

FAMILY relief in Toledo is largely in the hands of the Social Service Federation, which handles the city's poor funds as well as its own budget. Instead of a business location downtown, the federation occupies an old brick mansion in what was once a fashionable residential neighborhood and is now a boarding-house district. The house was built in the spacious days when a wide reception-hall ran from front to back, with high-ceilinged drawing-room, parlors, and library opening into it. In early January, the great front door always swung open on a crowded reception hall. The house was heavy with what H. G. Wells somewhere calls "the poor smell"—the odor of unwashed clothes and bodies, sodden coats and shoes. Of the men and women that slouched on the straight chairs, blocked the stairway, leaned against the walls in that hall meant for gracious and friendly living, some were sullen, some dull, some shy and embarrassed, some frankly weeping.

In October and November, a year ago, the federation took on 232 new cases. This year, during the same period, there were 559 new cases, in December, 1,189, with the prospect that the figure would double again in January. Wendell Johnson, the director of the organization, thought on the basis of the demands for the first week, that the total relief expenditures for January would pass the amount for the worst month of the 1921 depression. "We are busy here from eight in the morning till after ten at night," he said. "There are over two hundred people waiting out in the hall now, to talk with the case workers. We have had emergency funds both from the Community Chest and from the city, and we have taken on more visitors and added to the clerical force, but we are nearly swamped. We have had nothing like this since 1921."



The story to February 1, as told by the Bureau of Business Research, Ohio State University

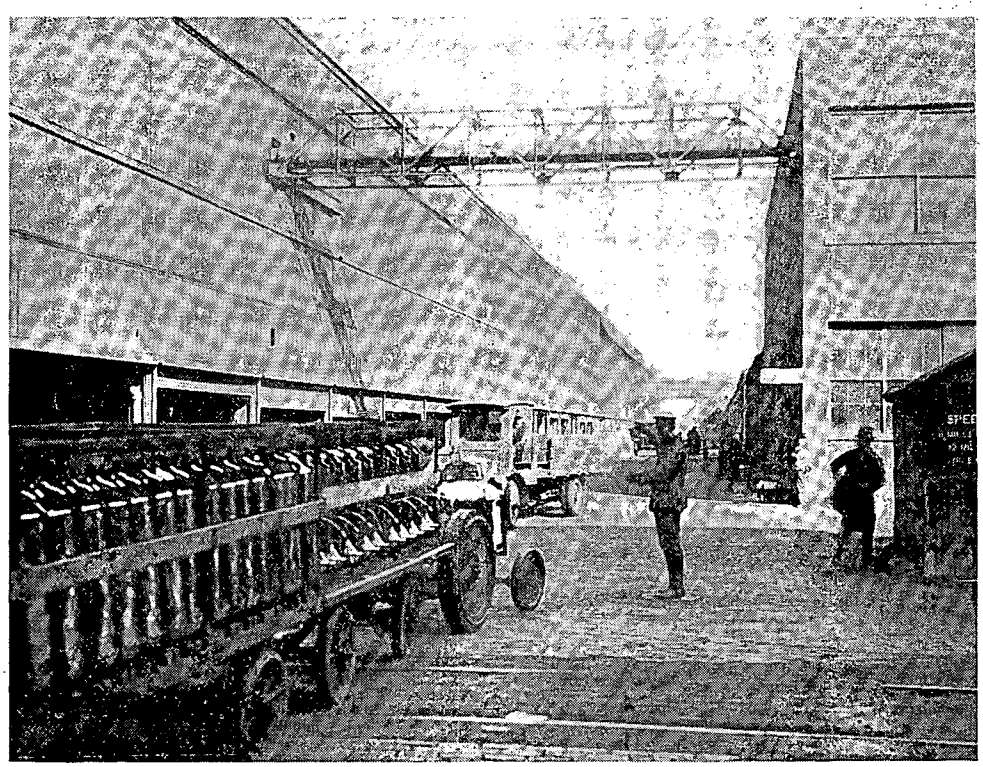
Members of the federation staff were like workers in wartime, so burdened they had lost all resiliency, consciously hoarding their energy for the task in hand. At one of their staff meetings, where the case supervisor had given me permission to ask some questions about the local situation, one worker said:

It's hard for us, I'm afraid, to put our attention on general problems. The work is heavier every day. This evening, for instance, my mind is taken up with a woman I am going to visit again before I go home. Her husband killed himself a few weeks ago. He had had no work since July, and he broke under the strain. There are three young children. I am afraid the wife is breaking, too. All of us here are living in our jobs. You see, these people have nowhere to turn except to us. Where we fail them, they go under.

A Toledo taxi-driver, who had once worked at the plant, summed up for me what it is that the automobile industry is asking of the cities it dominates:

The grocers and so on in this town hate to trust an Overland worker any more. The storekeeper has to live, too, and pay his bills like the rest of us. And if a man only works broken time and can't get credit, what's there left for him? He can ask charity or he can starve—he and his missus and his kids. You go down to any charity society in Toledo today, and you'll see the town helpin' Overland meet their payroll.

But the final cost of irregular production and employment is paid by the workers themselves, and by their wives and children. Actual physical suffering—hunger, cold, insufficient clothing, neglected illness—is one part of the picture. The other side, and it is an even



Inside the factory walls there are long, macadamized roads where in busy times the traffic is so great that special officers are required to control it

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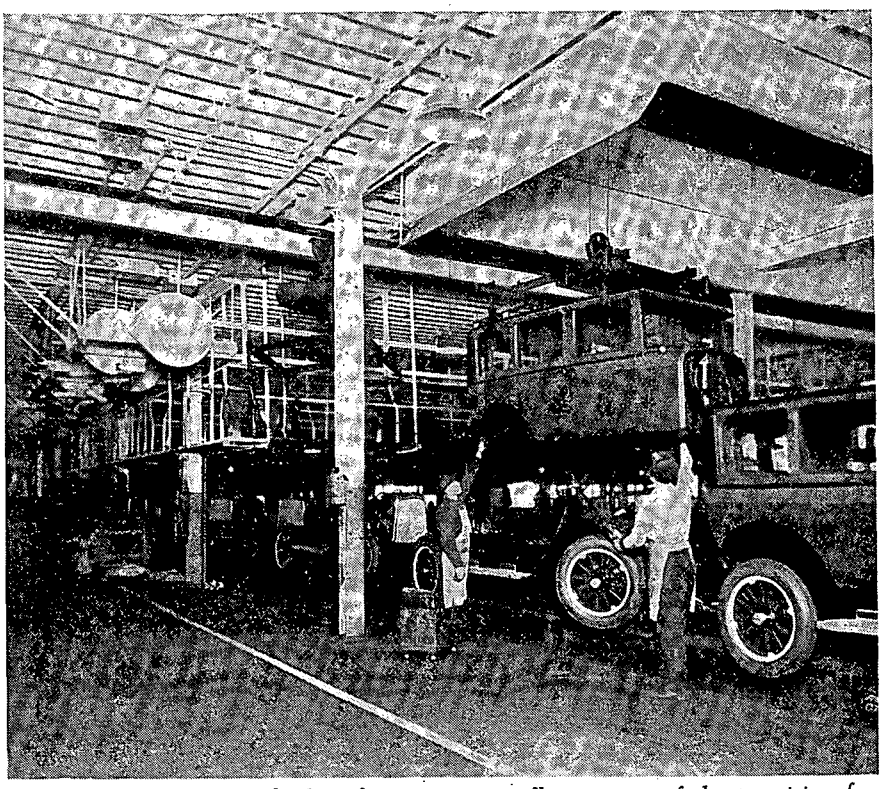
grimmer side, is the story of what happens to the human spirit under the endless strain of anxiety and fear, the loss of ambition, self-respect, initiative, courage; new and ugly behavior patterns; broken family ties and shattered homes—here in the last analysis, is the unpardonable price that people must pay when their lives are at the mercy of a disorganized industry.

There is Mr. Nelson, for example (I do not give his real name, of course, nor the names of any of his fellow-workers at Overland). Mr. Nelson has seven children, ranging in age from six to eighteen. Six of them are boys.

"We used to live in ——" and Mrs. Nelson named what she called "a nice little town," when I talked with her in her cold, meagerly furnished little living-room. "When my man heard about the big money in autos," she said, "he sold out his share of the furniture store he and his partner ran and we came here.

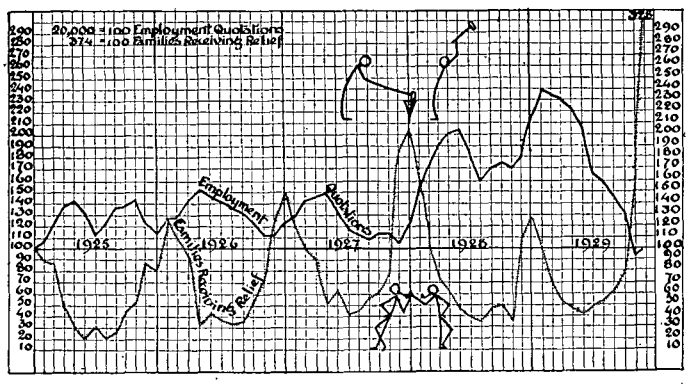


Bodies swing down to the line from an upper floor—part of the provision for an unending stream of finished cars rolling out of the factory doors

That was in 1925. He had four months steady at first, and things looked fine. He's an upholsterer by trade, and they get good pay at Overland. And then, like a clap o' thunder, he was laid off. It had cost us a good bit to move, the family so big and all. We made the first payment on a nice little cottage with what we got out of our store, eleven hundred dollars all told. We never dreamed how things would be. It like to of killed us to go to the charity, but we had to do it before that first winter was over or stand to lose our home. That was the first time I ever saw my man in liquor. When he came home from the employment agency and found me cooking the supper the charity had sent in, he just went out and got drunk. Seemed like something in him snapped right there, seeing his children eat the bread of charity.

The Nelsons' struggle to hold on to their little home was futile. They lost it the second year. "He's never been himself since," his wife told me, with tears in her eyes.

He never was a drinking man back home, but here he just seems to go to pieces the minute he's laid off. It makes me cry sometimes the way the boys talk about him, his drinking and no steady work and all. He's not the man I married, nor the good man that was the father of my children, and that's a fact. Jim, my big boy, helps a lot now. Seems like a boy or a woman can get work when a good willin' man can't find a thing. Of course that don't help things between the boys and their father, neither. I have to go to the charity nearly every winter. Mr. Nelson won't go near the place, but they know how it is with us. Some winters we only need a few grocery orders. But this winter—well, they're just about carrying us and that's a fact. It's never been so bad as this year. My man he hasn't had an hour's work at Overland since the beginning of June. He's shoveling snow today, praise be. I thought he'd go clean crazy if he didn't find something. He's been drunk for more than a week. It ain't that he's a bad man, but the heart's just gone clean out of him, and that's a fact.



How the jagged curve of employment controls family relief in Toledo. Social Service Federation figures to December

IN the home of Mr. and Mrs. Camilli pride in their home and garden and a sort of dogged courage have enabled the family to retain some sort of integrity, in spite of nine hard years. Mr. Camilli, an Italian who came to this country as a young boy, has worked for Willys-Overland since 1920, on an assembly job. He made first payment on a little home when he came to Toledo, and he has somehow managed to hang on to the house, though he has paid nothing on the principal for years. According to his wage-rate, he should make $38.50 a week, but it is eight years since he has earned this amount in any week. Beginning last spring, for instance, his total income for each month has run: April, $16; May, $30; June, $15; July, $11.50; August, $20; September, $1; October, $10; November, $10.40. During December he averaged four days work a week, which meant weekly earnings of about $25. "For one month, anyhow, I did not have to go to the charity," he said proudly.

I don't understand this American way. We got our little house, our garden. We got everything nice, if I could work. They keep telling "tomorrow, tomorrow—" I wear my shoes out walking out there. My wife, she say, "Don't be discouraged." She get midwife work. She get some work maybe help some lady wash or clean house. It's too hard for her, all this. I don't understand it. We do the best we can, but all the time take charity, owe more. We can't get ahead this way, never.

In Harry White's home, the corrosion of fear and insecurity is biting deep into the family life. In response to

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Willys-Overland advertisements, Harry and Lou White and Harry's sister May came to Toledo from a small Minnesota city where Harry had a fairly good position as a stationary engineer and May worked as a checker in a laundry. Lou kept house and took care of her three babies. Lou is a pale thin girl, with heavy circles under her eyes. She bites her nails a good deal and sometimes her face twitches. "It's getting me," she said more than once, as we talked together, "I know it's getting me. And if I crack up, then what becomes of Harry and the children?" The family was living in two furnished rooms in a cheap boarding-house when I went to see them. "But we can't stay here, I guess," Lou said, "Our landlady can't carry us. Harry says he'll go to the charity people again, before he sees us set out on the street. Sometimes I think he could get a job if he'd only try harder. But he's getting to be such a crab I don't suppose he could hold a job if he got one."

WHEN the family first reached Toledo Harry was taken on at once at Overland, and May at a factory making auto accessories. "For a few weeks we were on easy street," Lou says, "Over a hundred a week coming in." They rented a cottage in a pleasant neighborhood and made a first payment on furniture with savings they had brought with them. Harry was laid off about the middle of May. During the next three months he had twenty days of work, all broken time. He has had no work at all at Overland since the first of September. May was laid off about the middle of September. Two months later the family turned to the Social Service Federation. They had lost their furniture, been evicted from their home, lost credit with the grocer, their little girl could not go to school because she had no shoes or winter underwear.

"It seemed like it would kill me to ask help of the charity society," Lou said, her lips quivering, "but what was there left? Harry kept thinking he'd have something the next day sure—that's what they keep telling him at Overland and the big cheese believes them. But there wasn't a bite in the house to eat—I couldn't see my kids hungry and cold, could I?"

May finally found a place in domestic service. "She's come away down in the world, May has, working out as a servant. But after all, she has a warm place to sleep and enough food to eat and the missus supplies her uniforms and she gets forty dollars a month. Sure she helps us. May's a good scout. If Harry had half the spunk his sister has, we'd be all right. Sometimes when he comes in, acting so dumb and slow, honest, I could kick him!"

Harry is a World War veteran. He was wounded at Chateau Thierry and was in a hospital for several months. "I tried to get him to ask for compensation," Lou said. "Even a few dollars coming in regular would help. But he won't do it. He says he isn't a compensation case—it wouldn't be honorable. Lots of good those highfalutin notions do him when he needs shoes and a winter coat. But Harry's like that, the poor fish. Says he's well and strong as any man and all he needs is a job."

LITTLE Mrs. Herron was crying when she opened her cottage door at my knock. "Are you the charity lady?" she asked timidly. I explained my errand. "I'll be glad to talk to you," she said, as she asked me in, "I sure do know something about unemployment." It was a bridal little home into which she ushered me, new furniture, proud in its brocade damask, rose-colored portieres, bright rugs, a cabinet of shining glass and china. She followed my glance around the room. "I take pride in our home," she said simply. "Seems like it would kill me to give it up. But—I don't know. Mr. Herron went to the charity this morning. Seemed like he couldn't bear to do it, but what was there left? And there's so many asking help now—they may just turn him away—" Her lips quivered, and more tears found their way through the rouge on the thin young cheeks.

We've tried awful hard to keep going. But since Mr. Herron was laid off we've hardly had a thing but my wages—twelve-fifty a week. And now the store won't let me go on working, with the baby coming so soon. My husband came to Toledo in 1919 and went right to work for Overland. Of course, when he was a single man, the lay-offs didn't worry him so much. And he never put anything by—you know how boys are. We got married a year ago last spring. I kept on with my job; I've worked at the store since I was sixteen. I'm twenty-one now, and Mr. Herron is twenty-five. We picked out our furniture before we were married and made the first payment on it, and went right to housekeeping. We both of us love a home. Seven hundred is a lot to pay for furniture, but we thought we'd rather get nice things that would last a lifetime, instead of loading up with a lot of cheap stuff. We never dreamed of all these hard times. When we knew the baby was coming, we talked about my giving up my job right away. I sure am thankful I didn't.

Mr. Herron lost his job in May. They just laid him off the middle of one afternoon, and he never got back again. He got some part-time jobs at Auto-Lite. Through June and July and part of August he made eight or nine dollars a week. But he hasn't had even that the last few months. Poor boy—he's tramped the streets looking for work. More than once I've seen him cry when he couldn't find even a ditch-digging job, and I'd come home so tired. Gee, I didn't know your feet and your back could ache like mine have the last few months. Still, I was good and thankful for the chance to work. Mr. Herron borrowed from his cousins, enough to keep up the rent and the furniture payments. But they both got laid off in October. Then we borrowed on the furniture we had paid for—mortgaged it, you know. But that's gone. There isn't a piece of coal in the bin, nor a thing to eat in the pantry. And I said to Mr. Herron we'd got to the end of our rope.

My time's coming in another month. We've got to do something. I suppose if they do help us, the charity will want us to give up the furniture. With so many in need, we can't expect them to help us with more than coal and groceries. He goes out to the plant every day, but it's always the same—come back tomorrow. It don't seem right—all he asks is a chance to work. I'm a good manager, if I do say so. I don't waste money. And with my job and all, I've always kept the house as neat and clean as any in Toledo. And now if we have to give up all our things, and have our baby in the county hospital, I just know we'll never get another start or live decent again.

SOMETIMES the search for work leads only to the acceptance of defeat. So with Jacob S., a Polish worker whose wife, mother and mother-in-law have nagged him until he is convinced that he is "no good" and in his shame he deserts his family every time he is laid off. Steve W. is sure his inability to obtain a steady job is because of a defect in himself. "There's something the matter with me—if I do get a job I'll just get fired. What's the use looking? If things open up at Overland I might get taken back. But it would be the same old story—work a few weeks, then laid off. What's the use?" K. sits comfortably by the kitchen stove and reads the paper. Mrs. K. frets about him. "The Social Service sends in groceries and coal. But the mister—he's been laid off since May. At first he tried awful hard to get work. But now—I don't know. Seems like he's beginning to like it, sitting around. He ain't been out to the plant asking for a week now. I don't like it." (*Continued on page* 667)

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Paltry gangster demigods need not always wait even until death to be mythologized Underwood photo

The Gangster Traumatism

By WILLIAM BOLITHO

THE nature of the predominant psychological element in the Chicago crime situation, however deep and complicated, is resolvable into a case of boy-life that is commonly observable all over the world. It persists anachronistically, somewhat abnormally, into manhood.

If we could but extract all whimsicality, nearly all poetry, out of such a phrase as "Peter Panism," it could still be left with a meaning, and if then it could be refilled with the cruel, rather stupid archaism, which is the real content of "boyishness," this would be a useful term for a phenomenon of modern life, observable in many other states than Illinois and other great modern cities than Chicago.

It is the mentality of the gangster; but also, for example, of the upper-class Englishman who refuses to outgrow his public school days, of all who think of international affairs in terms of prestige and *revanche,* that is, as punching-matches, bloody noses, and dying for the dear old school-nation. There is even a whole race in modern Europe who have contrived until quite recently, at any rate (the Gypsies), to stay fixed in a plainly similar social and moral anachronism. But the subject is large enough without straying into these regions. The gangster, the anachronistic boy-man, the slum gypsy, code thief—of Chicago, has one or two particularisms which I now mention, before continuing on the capital of the problem.

In the first place, one may fairly notice that, while every large European city has also its gangs, yet they are numerically and criminologically less important than those of America. I resist the temptation in this mere sketch of comparing the race-gangs of England, the *nervi* of Marseilles in particular, with their significant similarities and contrasts of origin, and behavior, with their psychical cousins of Chicago. The sum is roughly: as these old-world gangsters are to the Chicago species, so is the force of American communism and anarchism to European.

This is not a comparison of oranges and cheese. Both are proletarian life adjustments or revolts. It is a certain difference in the strength of a common hope that is to be estimated. That is, the European street boy's wish for the riches of life has, and must have, a certain mixture of despair in it. Only in some scientific, or pseudo-scientific plan, quasi-religious in fact, in world revolution and reconstruction, can he see any chance of getting what he wants.

BUT in Chicago wealth, opportunities to get it are (or seem) very near. Between him and them there is no great gulf set. They are behind only a plate-glass window, transparent and brittle. To be rich, powerful, and leisurely seems even visually nearer in the Loop than in the Moabite quarter of Berlin; so near that the question of a short-cut openly arises. No one thinks of a short-cut with a thousand miles to go. Be quite sure, therefore, that the complete suppression of the gangster phenomenon will not end, but only change the direction of the city's troubles. Life, like even water, transmits pressure. If you want to stop the formation of gangs among boys, you have to give them not only a more respectable but an equally interesting equivalent. If you really want the natural end of the gangster, you must wait until riches are as hard to acquire in Chicago as in Leeds.

And then, to be sure, you will have a strong Communist movement. How irritatingly hydraulic life is!

The matter of the working of the conventional ideal, what elsewhere I have made some account of under the title of the *imitatio herois,* ought to complete this part of the picture. Briefly, man being an imitative and only exceptionally original creature, can hardly live without a model for this life. He has to have copy-

Chicago Against the Gods

II

Here the author of Twelve Against the Gods, and Murder for Profit, deals with that gap in American community life everywhere between the written code and the common conscience—where bootlegging, racketeering, race rioting flourish. . . . Last month the gangsters; this month the gang, and behind them the attempt to organize activities forbidden by the law; back of that the struggle for life and wealth at its fiercest. Next month—the police net; democracy seeking to be master in its own house. . . . "Others have tried to interpret the aspirations that really are here," writes a Chicagoan of Mr. Bolitho's first article, "but their descriptions are like opaque glass compared with his diamond-like quality."

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books; these in primitive tribes may be mere oral legends of heroes and goddesses. But everywhere reading is common, this pattern comes from books; not from life, mark you, but from some fictional, that is, artistic reconstruction of it. No correspondence school endeavor can imitate Henry Ford, or Mr. Sarnoff, but only the moralized, logicized, organized legend of him which his biographers and bards compose.

So there has been on every gangster the deep and distorting impress of his heroes—some of them the written legend, practically all about the same figure under different names, in his popular reading of dime novels and pulp magazines.

Pacific and Atlantic photo

At the funeral of Dion O'Banion twenty thousand people crowded in to see the "Irish Robin Hood" borne away in his ten thousand dollar silver coffin

He is the Indian slayer, the detective, the outlaw. Laying all these types, often seemingly contradictory, of his hero worship one on top of another, you would certainly see in composite one thing common to all—the revolver, held in all those thousand shadowy hands of Nick Carter and Buffalo Bill. That is the ideal of physical violence, and vaguer but present, the ideal of boy-justice. Let us simply say, extra-legal justice. His ethical note in no way conflicts, in this picture of what he sees himself to be, with the fanciful, stylized personage that the social story-telling process of the underworld makes out of the great real life figures of the gang pantheon. Hymie Weiss, Al Capone, Colisimo, Mike de Pike, Dion O'Banion, and the rest of these paltry demigods, who have not always to wait until after death to be mythologized.

WE have heretofore considered mainly the gangster from his boy aspect, his bad-boy aspect. A characteristic construction of the life force, acting in the emptiness, or at any rate unfavorable circumstances of the Loop or south of the Stockyards. Just as in the vacancy left by a glacial age, life would not surrender but certainly put out vegetation to replace the vanished forests (and by unvarying technique, this, too, would be likely to be anachronistic lichens, and the older forms) so in monotony, dirt, shadows, exile, boy-life in its antique tribalisms grows and in luxuriance.

But as he grows up and his desires increase and change, if not his ideals and folkways, the problem of life-construction has other data added. At first, let us say, the cellular tissue is such as bees would build in a roofless crevasse. Later, it must be interstitial, for there is something superimposed to build up, and to take account of. A boy kicking tins about a waste plot among the weeds is outside society, in the aspect we are considering. But at eighteen he has to get a living, he has not to find dreams to fill his emptiness but to deal with the rigid reality of penal laws.

Let us return for a moment, if you please, to the parents, whom we left lumped together in rough racial gobbets, composed by the latest immigration; the Italians, the Jews, the Lithuanians, Poles, Syrians, Negroes—newest of all—who have replaced former Germans, Americans, and Scandinavians in the lower quarters of the city. We have no reason to treat them separately according to differences of race, in our study, for the magnificent researches of Dr. Shaw and colleagues (Delinquency Areas) have released us from the confusing and false prejudice that there is any difference in the "criminality" of racial groups in Chicago. Just as the problem of the boy is "living," so that of all grown-up persons is "making a living." In this latter activity there is even a theoretical necessity of a system of law: social passages.

Now there is a common stock of law, which all the Europeans at any rate have brought over with them in their packs; that which lies underneath all their particularisms. Whether they are Pole or Sicilian, Russian, or Wend or Syrian, whether they come from villages or old cities, whether they are more or less archaic in certain usages of ceremony or detail, they have a common norm of right and wrong; a conception of social things and anti-social things, which differs more noticeably from the written American law, probably, than any one of these groups' norm from another's.

These groups, settled on racial lines in the interstitial slum areas of Chicago are, if you like, in themselves *pays du droit coutumier,* in the midst of the *pays du droit ecrit* that surrounds them. In curious fact, their common denominator, which of course is mainly Roman and Christian, must be nearly the same *jus naturale,* or *jus gentium,* which the Romans, in a parody of this situation, when they, too, were forced to reckon with huge colonies of foreigners (though nearly all Italian tribes), first made into a written code, and which then in time supplanted their own regular law. Any of these little colonies would agree in a large body of cases on what is right and wrong. Now between this common conscience itself and the written code of the

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American people exists a gap, greater than first thoughts would conceive.

To measure this forces us to make a general observation of both, particularly of the latter—what I may call, to keep the metaphor in mind, the "roof-code," just as the unwritten law is the "floor-code." The American law shows to me three main specific lines or impulses. A creation in essentials of the eighteenth century, and a North European, prevailingly Protestant, if not English eighteenth century. These three are: first, the code is puritan; second, that it is egalitarian or democratic; third, (not so clear, but surely observable) that it is villager, or small-town.

As to the first I need not say anything: to an even greater degree than its English ancestry, it postulates tacitly that the very object of social life is to make the world pleasing to a sex-shy, sense-hating God.

Egalitarian it is in somewhat less obvious degree. The good citizen in this "roof-code" is the small independent man; as the great Haggada, or homiletical commentary, which is the Declaration of Independence, has it, "all men are created equal." It will hardly be denied that, quite apart from the so-curious anti-trust laws, there is even a prevailing feeling throughout America, expressing itself in the most fantastic and indirect ways, that though riches are tolerated, there is something, if not actually disgraceful, to be explained away by the rich man; some fault which he ought at any rate to recognize in his clothes and in his way of speech and life.

The third legal impulse has a more technical interest, which however, will have to be invoked to explain one important part of the difficulties of Chicago.

BETWEEN this roof, and that floor, the distance is unmistakably important. In the first article of this series (February Survey Graphic), I spoke of the characteristic little modification of the prohibition of theft, which is absolute of course in the American law, but conditional on the personality and the wealth of the owner and the nature of the goods in the conscience of many European villager immigrants. More important, and of the first importance are: that most Europeans do not feel the use, purchase, or sale of intoxicating liquors is wrong, that large masses of them have the same feeling about prostitution, still more about gambling, practically all that traders may in their conscience and reason "organize themselves by price agreements and combinations to restrict trade."

Now between all penal codes and the general level of the conscience of right and wrong of a people, there probably exists such a gap, always. We may in the natural progression of the argument narrow our metaphor to the visual figure of two lines, shakily parallel. The upper is our penal code, the lower of course, the more organic, less geometrical "natural code"—not really spontaneous at all, by no means the Law of Nature of Rousseau, but mainly the resultant of what has been left of older, familial and national codes. Between the two, as I have said, in every society in the world, probably there is a space, measuring the distance between law and conscience.

Scarface Al Capone, widely known as Chicago itself

James Ferrara, the romantic type, Capone's lieutenant

Hymie Weiss, protector of Jews and of his neighbors

Pacific and Atlantic photos

Big Jim Colosimo, known as the Italian "levee lord"

NOW it is within this space, in fact, where social growth takes place, where new laws and modifications of laws arise, and where worn-out laws are absorbed in oblivion. In short, it is the distance between a social ideal and a social reality.

But in the case of America, and in this Chicago complex especially, the space is abnormally, almost unprecedentedly high. Besides the historical causes, it has occurred to me (from a remark of Dr. Ernst Freund) that another reason may be the unusual distinctness of the separation in the Constitution between the legislative and the executive, so that all necessity to take the practical into consideration is removed from the idealism of law-making.

Whether or no, the distance is enormous. It contains whole appetites, whole instincts almost, whole economic necessities, which therefore are outlawed. Liquor, gambling, prostitution, drugs[1], trade combination . . . they do not and cannot just die out because they are ideally forbidden. Across this gap springs up therefore, in our metaphor, as it would across a gash in the living body, a growth of interstitial tissue, a living adjustment, cellular, organic. For a great part of the typical Chicago criminality is nothing more or less than the extra-legal organization of activity, which is regarded as only legally and not morally wrong: commerce, whose contracts, lacking legal enforcement, have to have recourse to the sanctions of private force; business transactions, a vast network of them, closely similar to the ordinary evolution of big business, that has to grow under cover and in darkness. . . .

Chicago is a vast mosaic, of which even a catalog of its intricate details would more than take my whole space, even if I pre-

[1] It should be easy to understand that the horror of narcotic drug-taking is by no means universally felt. Poor and ignorant people in Europe see no more in taking cocaine, if they have heard of it, than you do about aspirin. For one thing, the taboo is too recent in growth. In the Franco-German war many staff officers on both sides openly and quite unashamedly used morphine, then a novelty, I have been told by a serious authority. Even in the nineties, as New York audiences have recently been reminded in a charming revival of the play, Sherlock Holmes "reached for the needle;" that the character was a "drug fiend" simply struck his vast, conventional public as exotic, rather fine, though dangerous to health of course.

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sumed to do what many others, vastly more competent, have done brilliantly before me. My job is, standing away, to read the general sense of the whole design, and that to me, at the point to which you have come, is the living organization of social tissue to fill this extra-, or rather, infra-legal gap. Here naturally at the exciting frontier of social life, and not deep in the settled depths, is where the grown and adolescent gangster rushes to earn his living. A vast number were captured in embryo, we saw before, by the institutional traps of society. If no such ambiguous field existed, would all that remain "in the game" turn to the classic criminal life? I do not believe it. It is none of my business, anyway, who have only to analyze; but of some importance as a speculation to all who are actively engaged in social work. A local police head expressed it whimsically to me, "Why, most of these gangsters have no *right* to be criminals at all."

AND now for the concrete cases—the topography of this singular new tissue. One of the first must be that of the maladjustment of racial groups to each other. Here all is simple. Immigrants, for the time of their poverty, settle in compatriot localities in Chicago. But they are, as bodies, though perfectly definite in their geography, unrecognized by the law at all. The law has never heard, for example, that Polish settlements are accustomed to persecute Jewish workmen who have to cross them on their way to work. Racial animosity and racial enclaves, are taken by the haughty ideal as simply nonexistent. Then here is the first place where the romantic gangster flourishes. "Often the leader of a criminal group [or gang] is a local community hero because he is identified with some activity or cause in which the people of the [racial] locality have a common interest," says the Illinois Crime Survey (on page 1030). It is this special *national,* or sometimes moral community status of the gangster that lies underneath those fascinating manifestations, which amazed the world perhaps more than anything else, the grandiose "gangster funerals." Such was what lay behind the silver casket of Dion O'Banion, the "Irish Robin Hood," the great cortege of Big Jim Colosimo, the Italian "Levee Lord," in 1920. Hymie Weiss, the Jewish gang hero was wont to come to the rescue of any of his race and street in trouble. "Nails Morton, as a young man, organized a defense society to drive Jew-baiters from the West Side" (Ibid page 1031).

Perhaps the clearest case of this "illegal and vital adjustment" is the Negro race rioting in the summer of 1919. Here again was a great and vital problem raised, in which the law had nothing to say, and left to be worked out by violence. The sudden, enormous influx of Negro workmen during the war had no housing plan made for it. It wedged itself into the heart of Chicago, driving down the value of house property, utterly destroying the legitimate hopes of those thousands who had bought land in this district to wait for its natural increment of value; and the law ignored that any such economic damage resulted. Life-process settled the matter, the Negroes stayed. The district is theirs—at the cost of much less dead on both sides than any reasonable foresight could have imagined. And many hundred debutant gangsters received here their matriculation in lynch law.

THERE are other parts in the interstitial track in which the divergence is by no means due to the loftiness of the upper line, but simply in its ruled prohibitions. Here, where whole industries and appetites have been excluded by a stroke of the pen, is where the gangster can earn money as well as glory and self-excuse. The most sensational of such cases, the Volstead law, does not need exposition. Bootlegging is the staple of the racketeer; here he finds all the money of a great industry, struggling blindly to reconstitute itself; the excitement of a civil war, with the minimum of dull duty; social approval, or at any rate, toleration. . . . Journeys, fights, all the fun of commerce with its agreements, contracts, enforcements, without the necessity to keep a single ledger. He has to sell—all boys enjoy selling, more even than buying—but in a cellar, behind a blank wall, in a smoky and mysterious parlor, to which you can only gain admission if you know the way to rap the door, not behind some wooden counter. Even if it paid badly, I doubt again if many of the employes of this wonderful new industry would quit it.

But the bootlegging side has been described in a thousand novels, wagon-loads of blue books, acres of editorial and special articles, encyclopedias of jokes. I will presume that even to its minutest detail of technical operation it is all even too familiar to you. It is enough to notice that in its general movement, the set of the current in its abysmal part, it is behaving *like an industry.* With almost unconscious life, this vast wounded and even maimed complex is still an industry, like steel production or oil distillation, and is making desperate attempts to get on its feet and march with them towards unity of direction and monopolistic control.

There is so much truth (and the rest is poetry), in the great American myth of an Empire of the Underworld, that the illicit liquor industry is forever striving towards trustification; a pathetic thing for an Insull to melt over. . . . But ever without success. Outside the law, the imperialism of business is impossible except through the miracle of genius. And there is no genius in the bootlegging line; nothing but grown-up boys, jealous without *esprit de suite,* capricious without originality. Has there ever really been a King of the Gypsies? Why, these fellows can hardly choose the leader of ten square blocks of slum and obey him for a week.

RACKETEERING must to my mind come here for its explanation and natural history. I have succeeded in persuading men who have erudition in its infinite details to agree with me. First, narrow the world to a specific meaning, abandoning the common use, in which it is a mere synonym for all forms of fraud. Most books that claim to deal with racketeering are mere re-editions of the old Gull's Horn Book. Let me speak only of some form of trade intimidation, that which is another popular Chicago bogey.

Every devourer of pulp magazines knows the classic situation. A flourishing little shop, a visit from a grim, sneering couple of men who ask for a subscription "for trade protection." Refused, a bomb is found next day, a broken window, worse or less things. Now this is indeed an episodical version, but it is by no means, in its suggestion, near the working truth of the event. Such is very likely what the fellow tradesmen, the delicatessen guild, the dyers and cleaners corporation, whatever their real names are, prefer to have the world believe. But some inkling of a more interesting nature in this phenomena has even crept into that very orthodox document, the Illinois Crime Survey, where, somewhere, there is a hint that the anti-trust laws have

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something to do with the outrageous monstrosity. In fact, racketeering, underneath the confusion of its often pathological developments, is in origin just as much an attempt to organize a natural activity forbidden by the law as bootlegging.

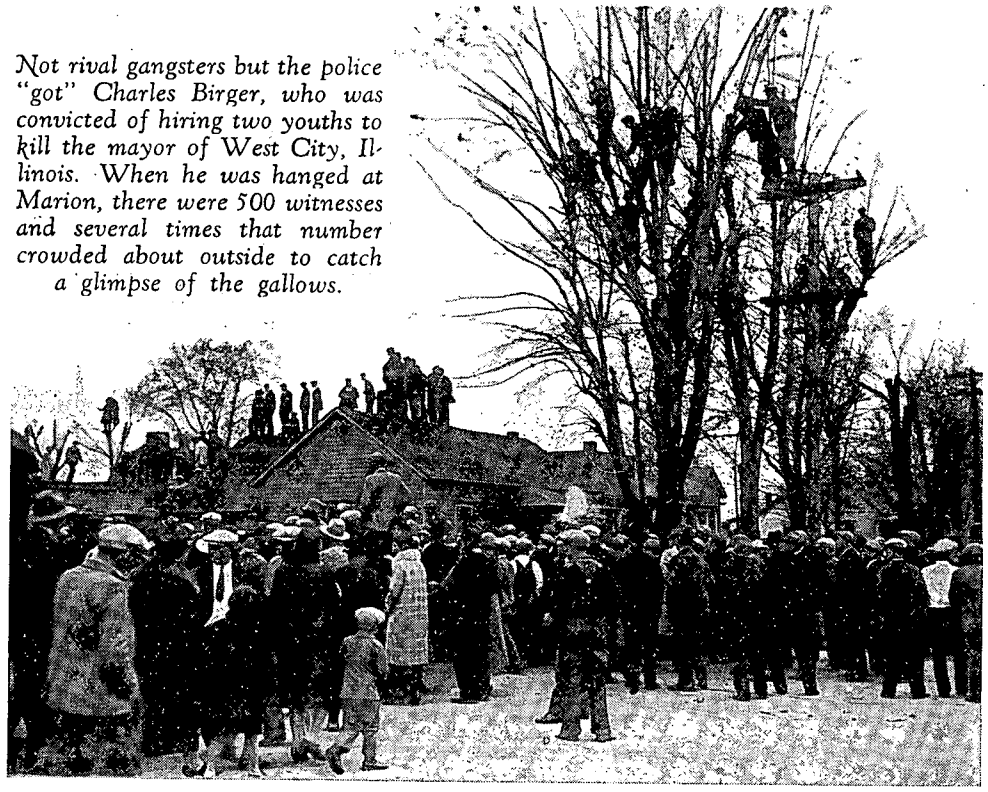
The law that forbids is the Sherman law and all its little children, born out of Roosevelt economic puritanism. The space to be filled is the fixation of prices within a trade, the eradication of cut-throat competition, which every other country in the world and every other law but here permits, just as much as drinking, owning and selling a glass of beer. Dr. Edwin Witte of Wisconsin is cited in the Crime Survey: "It would seem that no country other than the United States has a law like our Sherman Anti-trust Act." And in conclusion, the report states very moderately, or understates, the position: "Agreement to control competition under any conditions is difficult, and particularly when those agreements are in violation of the law. Where a line of action is outlawed, whether the manufacture or sale of alcoholics, or gambling or trade and price agreements, a situation is created favorable for the entrance of the gangster, on invitation or upon his own initiative." On invitation is the key word; "upon his own initiative"—that is the pathological case.

The industries affected are, it is first to be noted, characteristically those into which a man without capital can possibly enter: small shops, personal work, little or no stock in trade—the "shoestring trade." Bootblacking is one, laundering another; the fruit trade, dyeing and cleaning, and so forth. The labor union racketeering we will postpone for a moment. Such trades, which of course can be, and are often, developed into considerable affairs, are peculiarly at the mercy of the ambitious, utterly egoist newcomer, who, to get his first footing, would not hesitate, even if he were not approved by the law and the spirit of the law, to cut prices to the bare minimum at which he could physically survive, in the hope that once established, in probability at the expense of the ruin of a competitor already in the field, he could then make a profit. The struggle for life and wealth at its fiercest and ugliest, this. Here is the front-line trench.

IN such a case, what is the predictable reaction of those already in the trade, who have presumably already come to a secret or tacit agreement on price fixation? Naturally, combination. Naturally, too, since the law so far from giving them any asistance has actually forbidden them to protect themselves, it is to invite the newcomer to "come into their union." That is, conform to their prices. And, to have any chance, this move has inevitably to be backed up by threats of violence, and possibly force. This force has to be hired, and this is the classic and regular place of the gangster in the "trade racket."

Here we may also place the simple variation which is the "labor union racket": the terrorization of non-unionists, in unorganized trades, all that in Europe would come under the head of picketing.

Now being hired, it is possible and likely that in some cases the "thugs," especially if their employing body is small and timid, should play Hengist and Horsa in the Saxon invasion, and terrorize them in turn. This, and the other case of sheer imitation, gangsters "collecting without being hired to do so,"—these I think can be taken as typical pathological cases, or abnormalities of "legitimate racketeering." So I have heard it called.



Not rival gangsters but the police "got" Charles Birger, who was convicted of hiring two youths to kill the mayor of West City, Illinois. When he was hanged at Marion, there were 500 witnesses and several times that number crowded about outside to catch a glimpse of the gallows.

Pacific and Atlantic photo

Before leaving these two great classes of that natural and spontaneous outgrowth of "social tissue" in the interstice between written and our two codes, I should like to underline the irresistible resemblance or parody of this whole complex of illegality, to that of ordinary commercialism, above the line. The majority of gang killings perhaps could be analyzed, as to their motive, to purely commercial disputes, broken territorial and price agreements, for which the law provides in permitted regions of activity a complicated and delicate mechanism of sanctions, actions for damages, fines, imprisonment; but which there in the region of no-law, can only mean recourse to the only single illegal sanction, which is force, even to murder.

In the matters of gambling, prostitution, narcotic drugs traffic, the other great prairies through which the tribes and clans of gangland wander hunting, there is a vast deal of often picturesque detail to be observed, but no sensible modification of the principle. Here, too, are activities outside the law, which still the life force seeks by nature to organize. Here, too, are regions where an however anachronistic ideal of justice may be (*Continued on page* 688)

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

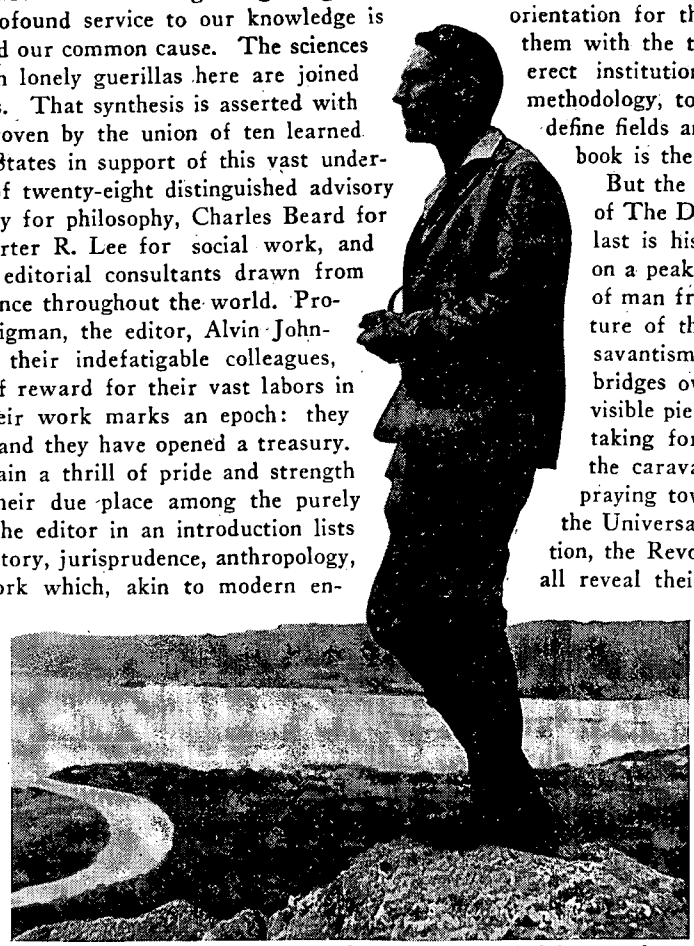
The Science of Society

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCES. *Edwin R. A. Seligman, editor. Vol. I. 646 pp. Macmillan. Price $7.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THE proper study of mankind is—mankind. This is the faith of the social sciences and here is their testament, this excellent first volume of an encyclopedia that will try to sum up our present knowledge of society and its institutions. Not man in Nature (science) nor man in God (religion) but man among men is its theme. The science of society must root in the natural sciences, and certainly it must have faith in the good in men and in the possibility of progress toward the nobler life (these other names for religion), but its prime concern must be the ways of advance by taking thought, thought on the past and its lessons, thought on the present modes of change.

This work is a great adventure in taking thought together so that even beyond its profound service to our knowledge is its proof of our unity and our common cause. The sciences that have been too often lonely guerillas here are joined in an army with banners. That synthesis is asserted with splendid courage and proven by the union of ten learned societies of the United States in support of this vast undertaking, by the services of twenty-eight distinguished advisory editors, like John Dewey for philosophy, Charles Beard for political science, and Porter R. Lee for social work, and by the contributions of editorial consultants drawn from the leaders in social science throughout the world. Professor Edwin R. A. Seligman, the editor, Alvin Johnson, his associate, and their indefatigable colleagues, will surely find the chief reward for their vast labors in this recognition that their work marks an epoch: they have shown us a vision and they have opened a treasury.

Social workers will gain a thrill of pride and strength at the recognition of their due place among the purely social sciences. These the editor in an introduction lists as politics, economics, history, jurisprudence, anthropology, penology, and social work which, akin to modern engineering, "is characterized by the association of scientific inquiry with social action." Next come the semi-social sciences: education and ethics, which though first concerned with the individual, now find they face problems that arise from the relations of groups; and philosophy and psychology that, originally separate, now increasingly seek their bases in the social environment. Last come the contributory sciences, some natural, some cultural, but all with social implications. They are: biology, geography, medicine, linguistics, and finally art, as the assessor of social values and the interpreter of institutions.



Robinson Jeffers on the beach at Carmel, California, from a hitherto unpublished photograph. His Dear Judas (Horace Liveright) will be reviewed next month

WITH a charter of such magnificent scope, we face the problem of content. The Encyclopedia will be both a dictionary and a handbook, but best of all this first volume is a history. With great wisdom the editors have given half its pages first to progressive studies of The Development of Social Thought and Institutions and secondly to background monographs, each by an authority, on the origins and progress of The Social Sciences as Disciplines in the nations of the world from Great Britain, France, Germany, the United States, to Russia, Latin America, and Japan. These papers will provide orientation for the members of each science and inspire them with the traditions they inherit. The struggle to erect institutions for training, to provide texts and methodology, to secure professional recognition, and to define fields and aims has been long and bitter. This book is the happy token that it is almost over.

But the glory of this volume is certainly its story of The Development of Social Thought. Here at last is history as it should be written. We are on a peak in Darien and beneath us the panorama of man from the culture of the Greeks to the culture of the Soviets. Scholarship transcends mere savantism; and the generalizations sweep like bridges over the centuries, yet are locked into invisible piers of solid fact. These essays are breathtaking for we look from great distances to view the caravan of men winding on, singing, fighting, praying toward their destiny. The Roman World, the Universal Church, the Renaissance and Reformation, the Revolutions, Nationalism, Internationalism—all reveal their gifts to society. These are the steps that brought us where we are; these are the institutions beneath our institutions.

It seems invidious to pick suns from a galaxy, but I can testify to my delight in William Westermann's close-knit, concrete picture of the Greek city-state that even had its factory, in Harold Laski's masterful discussion of the origins of modern liberalism, and in what seems to me the fruition of Charles Beard's genius for social interpretation in his analysis of Individualism and Capitalism. This section alone justifies the Encyclopedia. But

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I must add that these authors over-compliment us in trusting we can always supply the background they assume. I suggest that somewhere the editors include a time-chart of what these masters agree upon as crucial moments in history: the recognition of interest on money as ethical; the invention of printing; the English Bill of Rights; the coming of steam power . . . or whatever else is a mile-stone. We need such road-guides.

Of the special topics this volume (the first of fifteen) covers only from Aar to All, a segment too small for final judgments. But the social worker may get a taste of its quality when I say that Grace Abbott treats Adoption; Miriam Van Waters, Adolescence; Eduard C. Lindeman, Adult Education; Joseph Jastrow, Abnormal Psychology; F. J. Schlink, Adulteration; and that Agrarian Movements are given thirty-seven pages, Alcohol nine pages by four authors, and Accidents over twelve. Our best have given their best. Questions of proportion and inter-relation must be postponed. Acquired Characters is (perhaps for peace) cross-indexed to Heredity—and that is that. The indexing is full; the bibliographical notes liberal yet selective. In all this the Encyclopedia will provide the professional student with fact and method and inspiration and the lay seeker for truth with the principles and integration that will enable him to understand the movements of his times toward a science of society.

CRITICISM is disarmed by admiration for the success that has been achieved in this huge and novel enterprise; yet, since we are to have fourteen more volumes, it may be useful to give one's impression. The space given to biography, about one-fifth, seems excessive, for we can get much of the information elsewhere, and the lives recorded often appear incidental to the picture and frequently monstrous dull. Is Nelson Aldrich inescapably part of social science? The apparent omission of religion in the large sense as a social influence may be only a coincidence of the first volume, but it will certainly arouse wonder. The style of many contributors, in spite of the admitted giant labors by the editorial board on revision and the excision of technical jargon, is heavy and monotonous: it may be social but it is not sociable, with emotional fire or even friendly grace. Yet one duty of interpreters is to be readable. This failure is really a criticism of the attitude of over many social scientists. They are factual and over-intellectual. But thinking is only half the game of life—if that! This balanced sanity produces the effect of timidity and of refusal to dream or fight: there is too little controversy and innovation (though the pages on alcohol are a bit damp). Academic freedom, for example, is a topic that justifies a trace of anger. Professor Seligman, at the birthday dinner of this book, told how the French *encyclopédists* spent part of their editorial cycle in jail. It does not seem likely that any of his contributors will force him into such unpleasant quarters. But I hope there is more dynamite in these pages than my untutored eye perceives.

But these are, after all, criticisms either of the nature of encyclopedias or the nature of social science interpreters, not of the editors. To them must go our thanks and congratulations. They have brought the tale to date: they challenge us to add a nobler chapter.

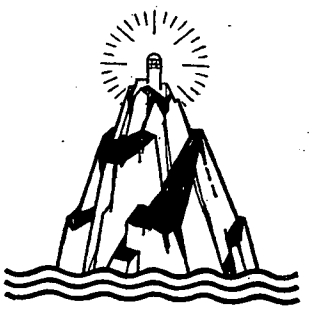
LEON WHIPPLE

TOLEDO

(*Continued from page* 660)

Often a man is recalled by Overland, only to face another lay-off almost as soon as he begins work. Oscar Lund, out of work since June, finally went to his old home, Indianapolis, where he got a job as a plumber's helper.

He was only making twenty-two fifty a week, but it was something [his wife said]. He paid ten a week room and board to his sister and sent the rest to me. I was managing somehow on that, with my boy's paper route, and what day-work I could get. When things picked up in Indianapolis (*Continued on page* 671)



Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in his conduct of affairs as leader of England's Labor Government is a figure of international importance. Mr. MacDonald's policies should be of special interest to readers of Survey Graphic because of his idealism regarding social and economic problems.

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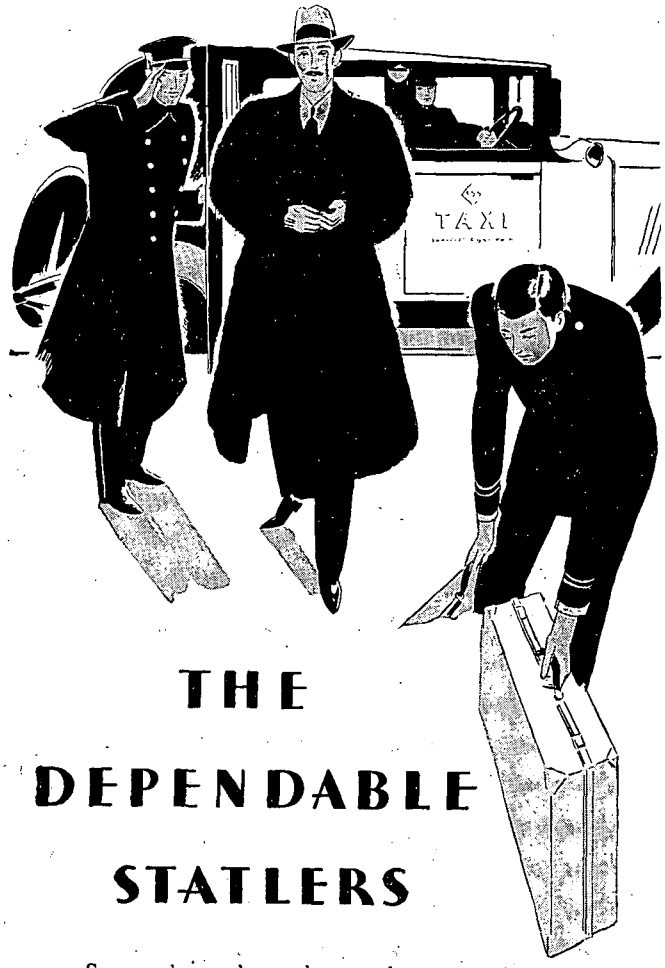

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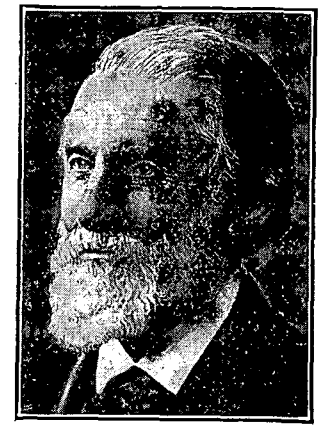

HIS ancestors for four generations had all died at early ages. But Sir Herman Weber as a boy determined to break the family curse. He took up the study of medicine and became one of the most eminent physicians in England. He not only lived to be nearly a hundred years old, but was vigorous and active until his death. At the age of 95 he wrote a celebrated book on "Longevity," the gist of which is given in *The Lazy Colon,* described below.

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Traveler's Notebook

Czechoslovakia in Kalamazoo

IRENE M. KLEINSTUECK of Kalamazoo, Michigan, sends us the following program of an interesting local travel club which has a very general application:

We are a group of about twenty-two women: widows, the middle-aged married, young married, and unmarried. Now and then a "professional" addresses us, as last week, when Dr. Nancy Scott of one of the local colleges spoke on the Economic Development of Czechoslovakia. Dr. Scott spent her sabbatical there year before last. As a rule, our talks are furnished by members, either from their personal experiences as travelers or from such literature as they may find on their given subjects.

Our December meeting was given over to delightful Czech songs (translated into English) and sung by one of our members. I wish every American child might have heard this "group." Their music alone would make you like the Czechs! And there are so many other reasons for admiring them. At this same meeting we had a fine talk by the art librarian of the local central library who had spent several months last summer in Czechoslovakia. She told us of the art development of the country.

The meetings occur once or twice a month from October to May. This is our program for 1929-30:

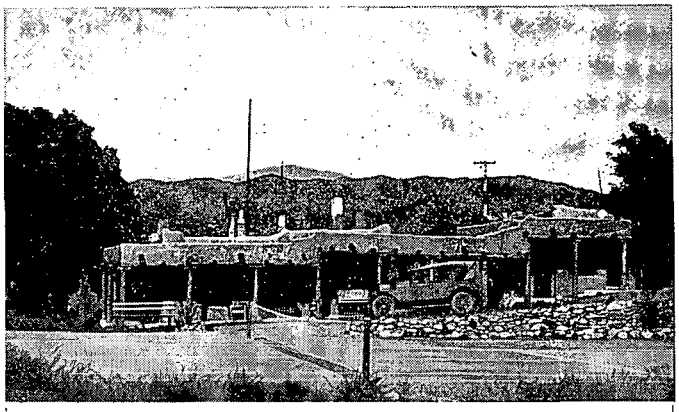
October	18—Early History of Czechoslovakia and Its People. By one of the members, the wife of a college professor.
November	1—President Masaryk, the Man, and the Political Importance of Czechoslovakia. By Dr. Nancy Scott.
November	15—A Journey Through Czechoslovakia. An imaginary journey by one of the members who had never been there, but utterly charming.
December	13—The Art of Czechoslovakia; and A Group of Folk Songs.
January	17—The Economic Development of Czechoslovakia. By Dr. Nancy Scott.
February	7—Education Among the Czechs. By one of the members.
March	7—Czechoslovak Literature: the Folk and Fairy Tales. By one of the members, an instructor in English in a local college.
March	21—Book Review. By one of the members.
April	4—John Hus, the Reformer, and the Religion of Czechoslovakia. By one of the members who will, incidentally, tell of her visit to the grave of John Hus and to Prague fifty years ago.
April	18—Social Welfare among the Czechs. By a member.
May	2—Annual Meeting. The Czechs in America. By a member.

Last year we studied the countries of South America in much the same way. Three years ago our subject for the year was China. The club has been in existence since 1911. Our dues are one dollar per year, which covers the cost of programs and leaves a small surplus for books or flowers for members who are ill.

Seeing Africa with General Smuts

AT a Luncheon of the Foreign Policy Association in New York General Smuts took his audience on a mental tour of Africa so stimulating and edifying that we are glad of the chance to share it in part with our readers:

"Those who have been, like myself, through large parts of southern and central Africa will agree that there is no continent in the wide world with such beautiful scenery, such rich mountains, rivers, forests, deserts. . . . You are a great nation of travelers. If you want to see something that will give



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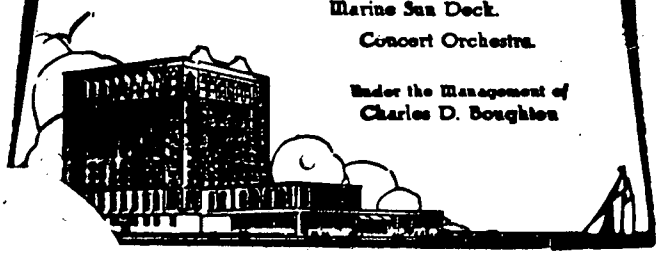

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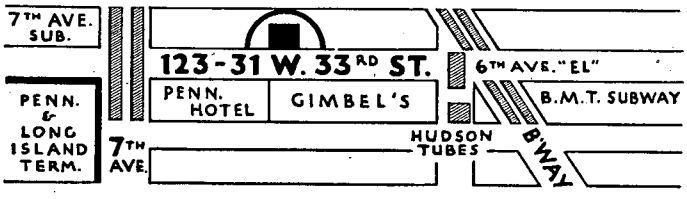

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"I have sketched one journey; there are many others. You can cross the African continent today in all directions, by railway, by boat, by motor-car; and I hope you will do some tramping. You don't have much chance to do it any more because Mr. Henry Ford is everywhere and he is as strong in Africa as in the United States. But I hope you will get some chance to do tramping, to see those enormous volcanoes and mountains. . . .

"All that will be a liberal education to you; it is like going to Columbia University . . . like going to the American Museum of Natural History; it is much better to go to Africa. . . .

"You are transported to an entirely different world. You have there between 130 and 150 million natives living an entirely different life, with different ideas, a different mentality. . . . One of the most interesting human situations today in the wide world, the Negro at home in Africa.

"The Bantu and Negroes are child peoples. . . . They are happy, they do not feel the burden of life so heavily as we do; they do not brood over their grievances; they are not oppressed with the divine discontent which makes us such unhappy creatures. Sufficient unto them is the pleasure and the joy of the day—not much memory of the past, not much forethought of the future. . . . And all over Africa you see this wonderful African type . . . living there immemorially as they have lived probably for thousands of years.

"They have solved problems which we have not been able to solve. Certainly we have not solved the problem of living together peacefully and quietly and happily. . . I think we can learn a lot from Africa that might be good even for us. . . . The African is par excellence the natural socialist. In Africa among the natives there is no individual ownership of property; property is owned in common, the lands of the tribe are held in common. The cattle are tribal. A strict discipline is maintained not only through public opinion but through those tribal organs, the chief, the council and the elders. That is the system as it is working to day and has worked for thousands of years. . . .

"I am sure that what I am saying must sound very strange to you who are accustomed, as we whites are, to the purely individualistic outlook; we who look at the development of the individual as the end of life and the true object of society. It must be very difficult for you to realize that there is an entirely different system which looks to the development of the individual simply through his social unit. . . . But it is one of the lessons we shall have to learn; and we shall have to learn how, in Africa, with all the development that is coming in commerce, in industry, in mining, in agriculture, you are going to maintain this . . . immemorial native system alongside of a white civilization which is bound to spring up there too. In southern Africa you see it already on a very large scale. . . . You will see everywhere large white populations coming to work the resources of Africa and to direct the native development and native labor, and you can imagine what an immense problem is opened up before us when we wish to do our best for the native—maintain what is good in his system and at the same time work in that system with new forces which are beating on Africa with the new influences which the white man is bringing in for his own purposes."

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(*Continued from page* 667) he thought he'd get a better job and we could all go back there and start over. After three years with Overland we've lost everything we had when we came to Toledo, and run up debts it scares me to think about. Then the foreman sent word that things were picking up at the plant and Oscar could have his old job back, steady. Well, that meant forty-five a week. I wrote my husband and he gave up his place there and came right on. He thought it was for the best, poor man. He worked two days and a half and he was laid off. His foreman says now it may be March before they need him again. And then it's likely to be the same old story. But we're broke now. The charity is helping us. I don't know if he'll ever be able to get away again.

JOHN PERRY alternately pounded the kitchen table and laid his head on his arms and wept as he talked to me about his troubles. His young wife sat near us, nursing their first baby. The gas company had locked the meter that morning in the Perry home, and in eighty other homes in the same section of town, because the bills were in arrears. There was no heat in the little three-room cottage, though the wind drove icy particles of sleet against the window pane and sometimes a flurry swirled under the kitchen door. Nora had wrapped newspapers outside the baby's blanket, tying them closely with a piece of red Christmas ribbon. "They say newspapers help keep you warm," she said anxiously, "I've got two little shirts on her, besides her flannel nightgown and her bootees and her blanket and her hood—do you think she'll take cold? She's only seven weeks old. It frets her being bundled like this, but I'm so afraid—" John pounded the table. "This goddam town," he almost shouted, "Look what it's done to us!"

The Perrys came to Toledo from Detroit last April in response to Willys-Overland radio advertisements of "men needed" and "big wages." "I was driving a truck, getting my $27.50 a week and getting it every week, too. I was a damn fool!" John worked regularly from late April to the end of June, earning as high as forty-five dollars some weeks. "I didn't go below $38 once. I thought I was sitting pretty!" He had broken time during July and August. "My biggest week I made $17. The other weeks it was nine or ten." For the four months from September to January, he had had nothing at Overland and had been able to find only temporary jobs elsewhere. The baby was born in the county hospital at Thanksgiving. "And what a hell of a Thanksgiving!" The store took the furniture.

You couldn't blame them [he went on], I hadn't paid a cent for two months, my wife and kid in the county hospital, and I didn't know whether I'd have a roof to bring Nora and the baby to when they was discharged. The charity helped me out on the rent and gave me some bits of furniture. The town's going to pay my gas bill next, so my kid won't freeze to death, unless she freezes before the gas company gets around to unlocking the meter.

John sobbed heavily. Nora reached out a timid hand and stroked his hair. He slapped her hand away.

Don't you dare pity me! You know I ain't going to stand this! I've been hungry for so long I've forgotten what a square meal feels like. I've worn my shoes out tramping this town for work. And a place that won't let a man work, you know what it's got to expect. There's more ways than working to get some jack.

Nora followed me to the door.

"Do you think he's crazy?" she whispered, "The worry and all—I'm afraid for him, and for the baby and me, too."

The grocers in the districts where Overland workers live all tell you of the big bills they have to carry. They show you balances outstanding, many of them over $100. "I carry my families as long as I can," one storekeeper told me. "I know when Overland opens up again they'll bring me all they make to get the bills paid off.

Nearly all my families are Poles, and they're honest, thrifty people. Most of them came in here ten or twelve years ago and went right to work for Overland. They don't know about any other place in this country, and they're afraid to try it anywhere else. That chap that went out as you came in, he often makes better'n forty-five a week when he's working. He was just saying to me he'd be glad to work for $90 a month anywhere, if he could have it steady. Poor devil—he hasn't had more than a

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couple of days work a week since May. His wife tried to help out with bootlegging, and she got pinched last week. They got five kids, too, none of them grown.

All these Poles have big families. Sure, lots of them take up bootlegging. They'll do it to piece out, when times are bad and they're only working part time. But it won't help much these days. All their customers are laid off now, and there's not much market around here for liquor. I'm not a drinking man myself, but I don't blame these people, either making it or drinking it. When your kids are hungry and the rent's due, I figure a man is pretty near justified in taking up bootlegging if he can get himself over a lay-off that way. And I sure understand why they want to liquor up—lots of them with their wives nagging them because they can't get work and the kids squalling and the house cold and the bills piling up here—poor devils.

Seems like the Overland people, smart as they are, ought to be able to figure out some way to run their plant so their people wouldn't have these lay-offs every few months. Though I must say I've never seen it as bad as it is now, at least not since '21.

Basing his statement on the weekly employment reports, combining figures supplied by fifty-one Toledo firms, a leading member of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association told me that out of Toledo's total population of approximately 320,000 there are 75,000 employable male wage-earners, and of these wage-earners, 30,000, or 40 per cent were out of work the first of January because they could not get jobs.

UNEMPLOYMENT in Toledo this winter is only one detail of a larger picture. There is always a seasonal slump in motor manufacture in November and December. This year, added to the "normal" slowing up, there has been an "unusual dullness" throughout the automobile industry since last June and the stock market break in October brought production and hence employment to a new low level for the last four years.

In Toledo, Willys-Overland makes and finishes bodies, makes Whippet motors and assembles both Knight and Whippet cars. The motors for the Knight cars are made in their former truck plant at Pontiac. The Toledo plant of Willys-Overland is almost a city within a city, a collection of vast structures of steel and concrete and glass, with an administration building that is like a luxurious club. There are thirteen miles of railroad, they tell you, inside the factory walls, eleven miles of freight docks for loading and unloading, long macadamized roads where, in busy times, the traffic of cars and trucks is so continuous that special traffic officers are required to control it.

It was all quiet enough in January. When I was taken through some of the eighty-seven buildings that make up the plant I was reminded of old desert towns left in the wake of a mining rush. There was the same sense of suspended life, as I moved among silent, untended machines or walked through departments where hundreds of half-finished automobile bodies gathered dust while they waited for the next cleaning or finishing process. The effect of a sudden paralysis was intensified by the infrequent groups of workers, almost lost in the vast, dim spaces, going about tasks that seemed very small and futile in the midst of the elaborate equipment for mass production, for an unending stream of assembled, tested, finished cars rolling out of the factory doors.

Somewhere in the depths of that industrial labyrinth there still stands the bicycle factory that was the beginning of it all. When the day of the bicycle waned, the plant was enlarged to make three-wheeled cars, then a steam car, and finally the old Pope-Toledo automobile, which failed. They tell you that when John N. Willys came to Toledo from his Indianapolis bicycle store, he bought plant, equipment and goodwill for two hundred dollars. Willys is not primarily a manufacturer. His interest in factory processes and in the finished product has always been secondary to his interest as a promoter, a super-salesman.

Irregularity at Overland may be traced as clearly in the jagged curve of business income as in payroll fluctuations. The concern was in serious financial straits ten years ago, when it suffered a sharp contraction following its highly profitable development during the war. Earnings have been erratic since that time. A radical readjustment of the balance sheet in 1923 produced a deficit of $43,000,000, which was cancelled the next year by a reduction in the par value of the stock from $25 to $5. Net income, according to the reports of Standard Statistics Co., Inc., reached a new high record (*Continued on page* 681)

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BAT'A—SHOEMAKER

(*Continued from page* 626)

THE wage-system and profit-sharing scheme are peculiar, and compulsory thrift is inextricably interwoven with them; is indeed implicit in the whole structure. There is as it were a minimum basic wage in each of the five classes into which Bat'a divides his labor; approximately as follows:

	Weekly wages	
	Crowns	*Dollars*
1. Skilled adult men	450.	$13.50
2. Adult male helpers	360.	10.80
3. Skilled adult female and young men 18-20 years	280.	8.40
4. Adult female helpers and young men 16-18	180.	5.40
5. Other young people and girls under 20	150.	4.50

(The crown is stabilized at 2.96 cents; the gold crown at 20.3 cents, U. S. A.)

ON top of that comes the "bonus"—the fortnightly division of departmental profits—payable after a certain period of probation, at a rate depending upon the importance of the operation, risk of spoilage, etc. And the division is made on the basis of the performance not of the individual but of the group. Every member receives the same amount; speed and output necessarily that of the slowest worker. One effect of this is to bring workers of about the same degree of efficiency into groups together; also there tend to be groups from the same localities; even occasionally a small cluster largely made up of relatives. But everything is subordinated to the motive of making maximum production and consequently maximum profits.

The basic wage, and one-half of the bonus (which tends to run about the same, and, I believe, ordinarily to be about equal to the wage) goes direct into the pay-envelope, and the recipient is free to spend it at his pleasure. The other half is withheld, in what amounts to a savings bank and Bat'a pays 10 per cent interest on it (I forgot to ask how often compounded). It can be drawn only after a period regulated by working-contract; or, if the individual leaves the employment, after six months. He loses it altogether if he goes to a competing shoe-factory. In other words, the worker gets outright only 50 per cent of his bonus; the rest goes to savings. As for drawing it, an unmarried individual can suit himself, but a married man cannot draw without his wife's consent. This practically guarantees to the family at least one-quarter of the man's income.

Bat'a deserves no credit for such things in his shops as are required by law—minimum hours, fourteen-year minimum age, six weeks leave of absence for women in case of pregnancy, compensation for injuries, existence of shop councils, guarding of dangerous machinery, and other stringent or constructive features of the general labor legislation of Czechoslovakia. I got the impression that he takes these things in his stride as a matter of course, without either resentment or enthusiasm. As for labor organizations, they do not figure much in his picture. He deals with them, and with radicalism generally, by attack from the rear. I was assured that, aside from being protected in the right by law, Bat'a's employes are free so far as he is concerned to belong to labor organizations if they choose; but that since his wages are not only above the union scale but above those paid elsewhere in the industry and the working and living conditions better, the majority of his people see nothing to gain by paying union dues. To any grumbling about pay, his response is, "Very well, if you are not satisfied, let us go to the usual wages and conditions."

I HAVE seen a good many factory owners and executives; I never saw one to compare with him in his personal control of details. It is not the ordinary intermittent meddlesome interference, nor yet a general supervision. It is direct personal command at every point, over things about which he knows minutely. His office is not a secluded place of empty desk and

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easy-chairs where inaccessible Authority hears what departmental chiefs choose to tell him. It is the whole place. I saw a whole corps of draftsmen, designing new machinery or whatnot under his personal eye and instruction. Everything must be just so, and he knows whether it is or not. Any employe however humble or distant in location, can appeal direct to Bat'a; his personal secretary investigates, and if Bat'a has the slightest doubt he will run the thing down himself.

Without a moment's warning he will have sent to his own home table the identical lunch supplied at absurdly low cost to the workers; or, quite as likely, will drop in at the kitchen, or in the cafeteria will gather up like anybody else his own trayful. Woe be to him responsible if anything sampled thus unexpectedly isn't up to standard! The chef and others are under bond for performance in every respect including cleanliness, and to such Bat'a says:

"If you are honest, you will not object. If you are dishonest or negligent you will be penalized without mercy."

"I don't see how you can afford to furnish such a lunch at the price," I said to Berty-Ženaty. "It must lose money."

"It does. The deficit comes out of the moving-picture theater upstairs."

CONSTANTLY Bat'a returns to the factory at night, and it is no uncommon thing for his wife to come in the dawn and drag him home. She is a tyrannical mother to him; I think she is the only human creature that he fears or obeys. She flies with him in the aeroplane to Prague, Paris, Berlin. (He uses his two-seater 'plane like a taxi-cab, scooting to Prague in about an hour—by train the shortest way it takes seven or eight.)

I sat for an hour with them in their garden. They are lovers, if I am any judge. She is a tall, robust, uncommonly handsome woman—Mary Menšikova, daughter of a Czech high-school teacher in Vienna, and herself exceedingly well-educated. She speaks English fluently; Bat'a learned his from her but is bashful in its use. They have one child, Tomas, about 16. Last summer he had Malta fever, identified in Bat'a's own superbly equipped hospital at Zlin. Bat'a haunted the place—as often as seven times in one day.

Bat'a's display advertising is spreading over Europe like a skin-disease. This year he will have 1,000 of his retail stores in Czechoslovakia alone. I saw at Zlin a fresh exhibit of his passion for standardizing: a sample store complete. A small two-story building, of brick from his own yards, with store below, equipped with standard counter, shelving units, etc., and upstairs a dwelling-flat for the storekeeper and his family. He is preparing to produce these in unlimited quantity. Presently his stores will be opening also in America, and then the Gimbels, Filenes, Marshall Fields, et al, won't have Bat'a shoes any more. He doesn't like to be carried as a side-line. From Ford, of whom he has learned much, he takes the technique of forcing his agents to dispose of a specified and increasing quota.

A funny quirk is that the retail price in Czechoslovak crowns of every Bat'a shoe ends in 9—19, 29, 39, 49, 59, 69, 79, 89, 99, 109, 119, 129. The highest is about $3.85; the average sale is said to be at 59 crowns, about $1.75. The total daily output is staggering; it has been as high as 65,000; lately it is nearer 50,000. In 1927 the total production exceeded twenty million pairs.

IN vain I sought a reliable estimate of his wealth. It must be very great. Figure for yourself the profit on a business upward of $35,000,000 a year, to say nothing of side-issues of many kinds.

Railroads, mines, brickyards, tanneries, water-supply, forests—first-hand sources of raw material Bat'a owns, *à la* Ford, though on a smaller scale. Forests—wood for heels, lumber for boxes and building. The new limitations of law on land-holding, designed to break up the prodigious estates of former times, are mitigated in practice by lack of public money for compensation; but especially in favor of great essential industrial enterprises of quasi-public importance.

In acquiring large tracts of forest, Bat'a acquired incidentally a small army of forest-rangers. Summoned to meet him, they appeared before him dolled up in full regalia, bristling with rifles and other accoutrement.

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"What have we here?" cried Bat'a. "Why the martial display?"

"We are Your Excellency's foresters. We guard the trees, the fallen branches and the game, from those who would trespass, steal and hunt upon your lands."

"Well, you may chase yourselves away from here," said Bat'a, in the rasping Czech vernacular, "and forget all that stuff. Chuck the artillery, and never let me see it again. Come back tomorrow, in the guise of human beings." So they did, and he said to them:

"Henceforth you are in the tree business. Never mind if the peasants do pick up a few little sticks for faggots—it will help to keep the forests clean and free from fire. Let them snare the rabbits, too; what of it? We are not in the rabbit business. How many trees are there, of what kinds and sizes, sick trees and well trees, in your territory—in yours—and yours—and yours?" He snapped the question at one after another of the astonished woodsmen. Never in the lives of themselves or their remotest ancestors had any forest-owner asked such things. As well might he have demanded to know how many flies there were in their woods, and which had pink eyes.

So he showed them how, by dividing the area into squares and averaging the count, to estimate the stand, the kinds, the girth of trunks; how to distinguish a healthy tree from a sick one.

"In thus-and-so many weeks you shall come back here and report to me. Get busy."

So now he knows how many trees he owns. And in pursuit of this intriguing liaison between high-heels and modern forestry, their management is governed by the last word in that profession: scientific lumbering, reforestation. The foresters, worried about borers and tree diseases, have no time to bother about the poor peasants who catch small game and gather little sticks for faggots.

He built a house for Berty-Ženaty, upon American lines, to Ženaty's own design, and when he saw the big fireplace, for the like of which you might vainly search all Europe, nothing would do but Bat'a must have one like that. In front of it he sits of evenings—when he is not at the factory—and reads, or listens to the radio . . . like anybody else. What does he read? All manner of things; but he likes happy endings, optimistic stuff:

"There is enough gloom in the world," he says, "without inventing sadness for people to read."

SPEAKING of house-building—he is in the real-estate business on a large scale; that is to say, he owns upward of 2,000 houses in which his employes live, and charges them rent varying from about 50 to 85 cents a week. I was told that the rents generally were less than half of that paid by those who live in Zlin proper, for premises far inferior. I saw many of those houses. I am not a builder, but they seemed to me more than commonly well-constructed; all of red brick, two stories high, and every one of them has a bathroom, running water and electric light on the inside, and space outside for a garden. I could not get Bat'a interested in my criticism of the deadly *sameness* of these dwellings, identical not only in form but even in color of paint on door and window-casings. Individuality—

"They don't care anything about that. They have the essential comforts—bathrooms, electric light, space and air. You noticed that they are not in rows, like most factory dwellings, but each has its own individual walk to the street. If they want variety they can have it in their gardens."

He is fussy about those houses; endlessly experimenting. At first there were barracks-like tenements; then groups of houses; then separate houses for two, three and four families. Now they are building only one-family houses.

No intoxicating drink, beer included, is permitted on premises under Bat'a's jurisdiction, though of course it is sold in the town of Zlin. He is iron-clad about that. I do not know whether he is personally a teetotaller. "The next generation will profit," says Bat'a. Incidentally, the sale of milk grows apace; it is upward of 9,000 litres daily, an average of nearly two quarts per capita, in a population which in 1914 was 3,000, and is now above 17,000.

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He was much troubled about the charge, and the fact, that there was an inordinate labor-turnover of women in his employ. "They came and stayed a little while, long enough to learn the thing and lay by some money. Then they would go back to the village with more cash than anybody there ever saw before, and marry the pick of the town. I am trying to make our houses and conditions such that they will want to stay and marry here."

That is one reason for the big hostels or dormitories separately for the men and the women. Living in them is not in the least compulsory—one can live in the town if he prefers; but for those who live there the rules prevail to which my friend the German banker objected as tyrannical. Dwellers in them have to be indoors at 9 in the winter, 10 in summer. The motion-picture shows and other entertainments govern themselves accordingly. Parents in the distant villages would rather have their young people, daughters especially, work at Zlin than in other industrial towns. I asked the banker if he would prefer to have his own daughter at Zlin thus restricted, or elsewhere free to run the streets.

"I have no daughter," he growled, a bit sheepishly. "People have a right to govern their own use of their own time; even to go to the devil in their own way. These people at Zlin cannot escape, night or day, from Bat'a—he governs every detail of their lives, clear round the clock."

I taxed Bat'a with that. He smiled. Evidently the idea was not entirely abhorrent. Nevertheless he would not assent to the idea that his is any "one-man show"; he thinks of his organization as in a very real sense cooperative. He points with pride and emphasis to the fact that his profit-sharing is fortnightly rather than annual; he believes that his people feel that the place is theirs as well as his.

Certainly it is in some respects. For instance, the employes have bought cooperatively the old feudal chateau of the town and are going to use it as a club-house. They bought it with their own funds and hardly could wait for the retiring owner to get on the train; they were hiding behind the wall when he left the place. They own real estate and forests in the neighborhood and are exploiting these for their own joint profit.

DEMOCRACY, in its abstract sense, probably means little to Bat'a. I doubt his being conscious of any definite social philosophy governing his relations with his people. I sensed both a paternal pride in seeing them comfortable and happy, and a high pragmatical realization of the fact that so they will make more and better shoes for Bat'a. Also that he *likes to see Bat'a doing all these things;* but he does not strike me as a *poseur,* especially to himself. He doesn't have much leisure for introspection, and I imagine him to be indifferent to the opinions of others about himself. When he stood for election as mayor of Zlin he was advised to soft-pedal some of his expressions. Not he—"I shall be elected as myself or not at all." Politically he tends to be conservative, but hardly ultra. He was prepared to publish a book, attacking oppressive methods of certain banking interests. The price of suppression was that they should change their ways. They changed them. He has given liberally for general public purposes. In order to be at Zlin on the day of my visit he broke an engagement to confer about automobile road-signs all over Czechoslovakia, for which, as I understood, he was himself to foot the bill.

He has of course no use for Communism, and has (I suppose—we did not talk about it) the usual bourgeois attitude toward Soviet Russia, even if his shoes do go to Russian feet. He has no sympathy with pacifism in the common use of that term, and takes for granted the ordinary conceptions of military discipline. For example, he was indignantly scornful of the drama, Colonel Švec, widely popular in Europe. Its author is a Czech, Rudolph Medek, who was a colonel in the famous Czechoslovak Legion which fought its way across Siberia, and it centers in the personality of another commander, who when his troops would not obey him, shot himself.

"He should have shot them, not himself," cries Bat'a. "He should have taken a whip and scourged them back to duty!"

And yet. . . . Just before I was at Zlin there was a terrible midnight fire in the lumber-yard. I saw the ruins, the twisted rails, the scorched trees; how near it came to destroy-

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ing the whole plant. Bat'a came on the scene as the fire reached its height. He ordered the firemen to abandon effort to save the lumber, the saw-mill and box-shop adjoining, even though they already had the flames stopped at that point. They knew that the destruction of all that seasoned lumber and the shops for working it up into heels and boxes would mean a shut-down of weeks. He wasn't thinking about that; he was fearful for the great store of benzine nearby—enough to blow the whole place to smithereens. Rushing madly about giving orders, he was ignominiously collared by the chief of the fire department, a lad of 24 or so, one of his own employes, who shouted in his ear:

"Say, who's chief of this department, you or me? You mind your own business, or get t'hell out of here!"

Whereupon Bat'a did that same. The fire was kept from the benzine, the shops were saved, and nearly half the lumber. And by way of discipline, next morning Bat'a gave that young man 10,000 crowns in cash—only $300, to be sure, but a sizeable bonus from any Czechoslovak point of view. Furthermore, in the works paper he published a letter, among other things remarking that "this young man had not only to fight the fire—he had also to fight *me!*"

PATERNALISM? Yes, of course, and few bones about it. Feudalism, however benevolent. Bat'a is no Socialist. He quite definitely visualizes his tactics as back-fire. But he understands much better than most industrial despots that in the last analysis the only formidable agitators and revolutionists, without whose support all the other kinds are futile beaters of the air, are injustice and discontent. He is forever meeting those head-on; sleeplessly endeavoring to beat them to it, while at the same time turning out cheap shoes—pretty good ones at the prices, they look to me—first for Czechoslovakia but with an eye on all the human feet in the world.

All the time I was reminded of the palmy days of George M. Pullman. I was reminded, too, of Henry Ford, of "Golden Rule" Jones of Toledo—the whole place is plastered with mottoes. Of a lot of other people, including Mussolini and Napoleon . . . a curious mixture of qualities, this Bat'a. I wondered what would become of this immense enterprise if anything should happen to him. His only son is 16; working in the factory, but years too young for this throne, even if the needed capacity is latent. I ventured the question with Bat'a:

"What will happen to all this if some fine day between here and Prague you should fall out of your aeroplane?" (There was that great scar where the wagon-pole smashed through the front of his automobile.) I rather expected him to say more or less bumptiously that he had made ample provision for any such calamity. Instead of that he laughed, as if it were a joke. What he said was:

"They'd have to get along without me!"

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY

(*Continued from page* 621)

daughter, is wife of a Swiss physician, Dr. Revilliod, living in Geneva.

One hardly could exaggerate the influence of Charlotte Garrigue upon her husband. Together they created a home of the finest type—the American as distinguishable from the European type. She was immensely inspiring to him and to their children. "Without her," he says, "I should never have seen clearly either the sense of life or my own political task."

It was at this point—in his home—that Dr. Masaryk made his greatest personal sacrifices for the cause of his country's freedom. He does not talk about it much, but the note of sadness undertones his whole life. When he escaped from Austria in 1914 at the outbreak of the war it was by the skin of his teeth. Pursuit was hot upon his heels; long since he had tagged himself as, to say the least, "disaffected." All such folk and hundreds justly or unjustly suspected were being herded into prisons if not hanged out of hand. They almost got him. His house was raided, his books and papers seized, his corre-

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spondence intercepted.

The escape had its awful price. When they couldn't get him, they sought to make a hostage of his wife, although, as he often has declared, he never involved his family in his political activities. As his operations abroad became more formidably effective, the threat against her became more menacing. So feeble was her health and so great her popularity that they did not quite dare it. But they did dare, in October, 1918, to take her daughter Alice in her stead, and for eight months kept her in prison at Vienna, without accusation or trial of any sort. It had been the invariable practice of Masaryk and his wife when separated to write daily to each other. That became impossible; his letters were intercepted and hers forbidden. Silence settled down between them, save for occasional surreptitious messages and rumors trickling deviously. This and Alice's imprisonment broke the devoted mother's heart completely. When at last after four years of this torture Masaryk returned to Prague politically triumphant, it was to find his wife collapsed in body and spirit, a nervous wreck, all but dying. She did die, five years later, in 1923. Today there is a portrait bust of her, on the front of the house in Prague where they used to live.

PHILOSOPHER and idealist, mystic, though he be, his theories always have had their feet on earth. He cares little for abstractions that cannot be translated into terms of life. His social ideals are always visualized as carried out now or within measurable time by *people*. That led him into editorship, into forensic writing and debate; into politics. As early as 1891 he was elected to Parliament; he resigned to lead a crusade for "moral education" among the Czechs—already we have seen what he meant by that: it was a morality to express itself in social and political life. He returned to Parliament in 1907, and this time infuriated the autocracy by openly criticizing the Austrian subserviency to Germany, and especially the campaign to Germanize the Balkans. He thwarted the crown's case in two famous "high treason" prosecutions, by exposing the forgery of documents in the Austro-Hungarian legation at Belgrade. He protests that all this sort of business was distasteful to him:

> Despite my political vigor I can say with a clear conscience that I never came forward unbidden, that I never sought prominence. I was begged and driven to take up the Königinhofer manuscripts; I was challenged to make a stand in the Hilsner affair; into the conflict over the Agram high treason and Friedjung trials and with Aehrenthal, my Croat university students literally dragged me. Even my literary work consists largely of answers to questions that were forced upon me.

And as for the spirit of it:

> I never showed hostility to the Germans, whether the Germans of Germany or even the Germans of Austria. Then and afterwards I took a definite stand against Austrian Habsburgism and Prussian Germanism; siding openly with the Allies during the war, but saying no word of insult to the Germans or to the Austrians as a nation. My bearing, as I have good ground to know, was recognized and respected even in German official circles.

However amiable their private respect for this discrimination on his part, the Austro-Hungarians were under no delusions as to the deadly character of his political views and agitation. To them he was an arch-traitor as he went about Switzerland, France, Great Britain, Russia and the United States on his four years' campaign against the Habsburg rule. Could they have caught him they would have hanged him out of hand. His challenge was thrown down definitely in a Hus anniversary speech at Geneva in July, 1915, and still more in the revolutionary manifesto issued in November of that year in behalf of the Czechs all over the world by the famous central revolutionary group known as the Czechoslovak National Council, of which Masaryk became president and Beneš secretary.

Finding himself surrounded at Geneva by enemy spies, he left Switzerland in September, 1915, to spend eighteen months in England. There he was invited by the University of London to a professorship in the new Slavonic Department of Kings College. His inaugural address, upon the delivery of which Lord Robert Cecil presided as representative of the prime minister, who was ill, was on The Problem of Small Nations in the European Crisis—one of Dr. Masaryk's most famous war-time utterances. One hears today in Czechoslovakia that "we had to go for our president to an English university!"

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The revolution in Russia in 1917 led him thither. He was able to effect the liberation of nearly 100,000 Czechoslovaks captured from the Austrian armies, and their organization into the famous Czechoslovak Legion which fought its way across Siberia. The story of that anabasis never has been adequately told; certainly not in English.

Masaryk came to America in May, 1918, and greatly inspiring the movement for freedom among all the Central European groups, became president of the Mid-European Union. He led a delegation to see President Wilson, and his activities undoubtedly expedited the declaration of the Wilson administration, initiating recognition by the Allies of the belligerency of the Czechoslovaks as *de facto* an independent nation. Of a notably appropriate occasion a few months later Dr. Masaryk says:

> It was a happy thought—whose, I forget—that a public conference should have been arranged at Philadelphia where the various peoples put forth their programs. On October 23, 1918, the conclusions of the conference were signed in the memorable Independence Hall; and then, in the courtyard, I read out a joint declaration while the bell of independence was rung.

Previous to that, in June, there had been another notable occasion, at Pittsburgh, where was signed the much-discussed Pittsburgh Convention between the Slovaks and Czechs of America. This has been the subject of no end of controversy; but President Masaryk declares that he "signed it unhesitatingly as a local understanding between American Czechs and Slovaks upon the policy they were prepared to advocate;" regarding it, as he says he did even the Czechoslovak Declaration of Independence, of October 18, 1918 (signed by himself, Štefanik and Beneš), as only embodying principles which must be worked out subsequently by the representatives of the people in Czechoslovakia after independence had become an actuality.

The Czechoslovak Republic was formally declared October 28, at Prague. The Armistice began November 11, and the next day Dr. Masaryk sailed for Europe. He was two days at sea when the Revolutionary National Assembly, composed of 270 representatives of all Czech and Slovak parties, on November 14 elected him first president of Czechoslovakia.

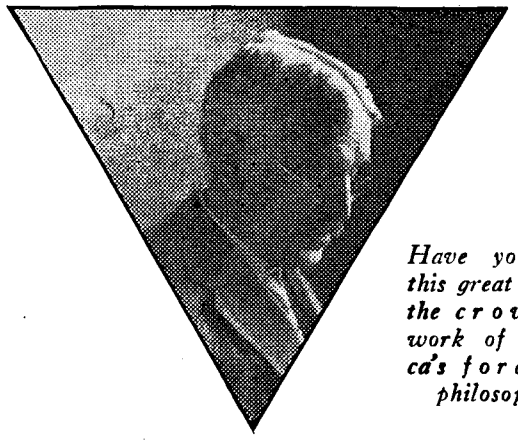
IT is widely believed that he was elected for life. That is not true. The permanent Constitutional Charter of February 29, 1920, which prescribes for the president a minimum age of thirty-five and a term of office of seven years contains the following on that point:

> No one shall be elected more than twice in succession. He who has been elected president twice in succession cannot again be elected until the expiration of seven years from his last term of office. *This provision, however, does not apply to the first president of the Czechoslovak Republic.*

Already Dr. Masaryk has been *thrice* elected to the presidency of Czechoslovakia; first provisionally in November, 1918; then in May, 1920, for the constitutional term of seven years; again May 27, 1927, for the term now current and ending in May, 1934. Waiving the question of age—he will then be 84—he can be elected for the fourth time, and so on indefinitely. The president is elected, not by the people directly, nor as in the United States by a special electoral college chosen for the purpose, but by Parliament, the National Assembly, at least half of whose members must be present, a three-fifths plurality necessary for a choice. In the event of no choice by two ballots, a third decides between the two leading candidates; a tie to be resolved by lot. Like procedure is provided in case of resignation or death; not for the unexpired portion of the term but for a complete term of seven years.

Speaking to the schoolchildren of Prague in October, 1928, President Masaryk said of his office, "A good president is no better than a good workman. But whatever you do, as workman, peasant, craftsman, teacher, artisan, artist, writer—*work*, hard and honestly. You have heard of the disaster when a great building fell down. Whoever was to blame, it was due to dishonest work. If we love our neighbors, as we are rightly told to do, we must love them with our work, and not by empty words. A life without sacrifice is not a fine life."

And he held up the ideal to some young Czech within sound of his voice:



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My visit to Topolčianky chanced to fall almost upon the day when Professor Albert Tuka, convicted of high treason by reason of alleged activities for Slovakian separatism, had been sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. Regardless of the justice or severity of that sentence, it evidently was a source of sadness to both the President and Alice Masarykova. All too vividly could they visualize a man in prison for his political opinions! They raised no doubt about Tuka's guilt—I think they had none. But I could see that neither wanted to talk about it; I did not pursue the subject. It is germane to note that Tuka was tried and convicted, not at the Czech seat of government at Prague, but at Bratislava, provincial capital of Slovakia, among his own people. Furthermore, when within a month he appealed to them by standing for reelection to Parliament, they deserted him; the autonomist Slovakian People's Party lost some 40,000 votes.

Under the Constitutional Charter the president has the power of pardon and amnesty. Since returning to America I have heard a rumor that he may exercise this right on his eightieth birthday. I cannot speak with any authority whatever as to that; but if it should prove true, it would not surprise me to find in the list of the beneficiaries the name of Professor Albert Tuka.

THIS is not a biography complete even in essentials or faithful to chronology; it is only an attempt at a portrait, of a man who, I am sure, risen from humblest beginnings, belongs among the Great Ones of the earth. In that famous medieval castle overlooking Prague he rules benignly, yet vigorously, with a power far transcending that of any monarch that ever sat there; a power beyond the scope of written words or any sanctions of the sword; a power rooted profoundly in the deeps of his own character and in the earned affections of his fellow-countrymen to whose service he has given without stint of the most precious things of life.

Upon the celebration of his sixtieth birthday in 1910, Professor Masaryk, of the University of Prague, spoke in prophetic vein: "I shall not render my best service to my country until I am seventy. I shall not leave you in peace until I am eighty."

When he was seventy, in 1920, he was just beginning his first seven years under its first Constitutional Charter of Liberty, of service to his newly-founded country, as its first president.

Now, at eighty, though nothing about him suggests that it is time for his *nunc dimittis* in any sense, he beholds that country, to whose making he has beyond question contributed more than any other man, firmly established and at peace with all the world.

* * * * *

In his introduction to Masaryk's own Memories and Observations, Henry Wickham Steed, editor of the English Review of Reviews, says of him:

For his people, the price of failure would have been oppression more fierce, demoralization more dire; for him it would have meant a choice between death on a Habsburg gallows and life-long exile. ... Having led them from Habsburg servitude to the green pastures of freedom, he would fain teach them the law and show them that it is written in the story of their past. The examples of Hus and of Žižka, of Chelčický, Comenius and Palacký he holds up before them as worthy of reverent emulation.

Not least does he set them, albeit unconsciously, the example of his own life and work, a life of utter devotion to truth and to truthfulness, of steady faith in an ideal and of self-sacrifice for a cause transcending any individual aim. If he be a mystic, if religious feeling penetrates his every fiber, the story of his achievement stands as proof that, when a man seeks righteousness for its own sake, other things shall be added unto him. Having vindicated the faith of Comenius, he hands it on as a greater testament to the people he redeemed.

[1] *Pravda Vítězí*, the motto of the Hussites, adopted as the national slogan of Czechoslovakia.

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(*Continued from page* 672) in 1923, shrank from more than thirteen million to a scant two million in 1924, went above eleven million in 1925, dropped under a million in 1926, and rose to about six million in 1927 and again in 1928. Then came 1929 with its early months of hectic production.

This winter's acute unemployment situation in automobiles —the long drop below the usual "slack"—is, of course, a reaction from the roaring prosperity of 1928-29. Caught in the delirious enthusiasm of a boom that was never going to end, most manufacturers concentrated on a maximum production, never doubting that there were buyers waiting for all the cars they could make. Overland speeded up with the rest. The reserve in the local labor market began to run low. Through the newspapers and over the radio, Overland broadcast appeals for workers.* The advertisements brought to Toledo hundreds of men, particularly from the southern textile areas and the Kentucky soft-coal regions where "times are bad." They were men without resources to tide them over a long period without wages. Figures given by company officials vary somewhat, but there were between 27,000 and 31,000 workers on the payroll last March, producing 42,000 cars a month.

As early as last April the mounting protests of the dealers could no longer be disregarded. Savage price-cutting, easy terms, over-generous "trade-ins" could not keep sales even with production. The Overland assembly lines slowed up. By the middle of June, men were beginning to plead with Toledo's two free employment agencies for jobs—any jobs. By July 15, according to an official of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association, "the situation was bad." The stock market break last fall and the "retrenchments" that followed it only intensified the situation. By that time Toledo had been facing an unemployment problem for three months.

Just before the stock crash, Willys sold out his controlling interest in Overland common stock to a syndicate headed by C. O. Miniger, president of the Electric Auto-Lite Company of Toledo, and George M. Jones, Toledo's most influential banker. Local gossip has it that the syndicate paid between 26 and 30 a share. Ten days later the stock went down to 4. At this writing the stock is quoted at 8½. After a lapse of nearly eight years, quarterly dividends on the common stock were resumed in August, 1928, and have been maintained since that time at the rate of 30 cents a share. In January, when the plant had been running part time for months and thousands of employes were out of work and wage-less, there was a distribution of $900,000 on this common stock.

C. O. Miniger, a central figure in the syndicate, is an old Toledo resident and is generally credited with a genuine interest in the city's welfare. "Things are likely to change now, with Miniger behind Overland," one is told again and again in Toledo. The new regime has had to bear the brunt of the changed conditions.

The new president of Willys-Overland sees two immediate causes for the present state of the automobile industry—irregularity in marketing and over-production. In a widely quoted statement in the Automotive Daily News, he pointed out that:

> Year after year, motor car manufacturers have set their production schedules at higher figures. The company that produced 200,000 last year set its mark at 250,000 cars for the current year; since last year's sales totalled 350,000, the goal for the year was set at 400,000, and so on. . . . The annual boosting of production schedules on the part of automobile manufacturers has resulted in the entire industry being faced with a serious problem, which not only threatens the welfare of automobile dealers but, if a halt is not called, may affect the entire business and economic structure of the industry.

(*Continued on page* 685)

* "The employment department of the Willys-Overland Company acted in good faith last year in obtaining these employes by the means of radio. The management at that time, on advice from their sales department, approved of this procedure. They afterwards found that they were misinformed by their sales executives . . . but they were no more misinformed than practically every other automobile company. The reason, no doubt, the situation in Toledo was blamed on Willys-Overland was that it was the only automobile company in the city, while there are many in Detroit and other Michigan cities." From a letter from a member of the Executive Committee of the Willys-Overland Company.

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(*Continued from page* 681) Under its new management, Willys-Overland is definitely committed to a policy of regularization through gearing production to demand. With a more adequate system of forecasting and planning for each model, Mr. Miller states production will not be allowed to outstrip demand. For the present, this has meant readjustment of production schedules, with consequent dislocation of workers. But this he considers temporary. He points out:

Of course, to stabilize employment in any of the automobile towns the whole industry must be stabilized. And the industry has got to do this for itself—it is a management problem. We have gotten ourselves into this unhealthy state, and we'll have to cure ourselves. But given agreement among manufacturers to put out new models only at one time of the year [he is for restricting new models to the January show in New York] and given a long-term program of production in accordance with orders, it would be possible to stabilize the industry ten months a year, or maybe eleven. If we had orders to justify a payroll of 27,000 again tomorrow, I am sure you would not see us speeded up to that pace. We have learned that maximum production does not pay. From the manufacturer's as well as the worker's standpoint, it has been conclusively demonstrated that steady work for a smaller force over a longer period is the sound way to carry on motor manufacture—all types of manufacture, for that matter. I believe the present year is going to see us further along that road.

That motor manufacturers are awakening to the fact that their industry can be regularized is indicated by an interview with Alvan Macauley, president of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, published by the Detroit News of December 27. Speaking as president and general manager of the Packard Motor Car Company, against the background of that firm's method of forecasting and controlling sales and production, Mr. Macauley said,

> . . . The period of heavy selling comes, and the plan of the average manufacturer seems to be to rush production, to keep his factory running night and day, and perhaps Sundays to meet the demand. The demand slackens and he shuts down his plant, leaving his employes to their own resources. There is something fundamentally wrong, unwise and unscientific in this procedure. . . .
>
> Every manufacturer whose business will allow it should regard as a prime essential the creation of a reserve fund that will enable him to keep production on an even keel, and carry surplus stock to the periods when there is heavy demand in the market for this goods.
>
> True, it will cost him some money in interest on capital invested, but this will be far more than offset by lower production costs, by the contentment of his employes, by their zeal and loyalty and by lessening the turnover in labor, which is always expensive.

The change in management and policy at Willys-Overland holds out hope for Toledo. "The present management," writes Mr. Miniger, "is pledged for the good of Overland employes and the company itself not to repeat the requests for labor beyond what seems to be permanent employment." Otherwise, it is a gloomy enough picture. And it is not outlined here because Toledo and Willys-Overland stand alone. In communities dominated by the manufacture of motors or motor accessories—Flint, Detroit, Pontiac, Akron, and the rest—January saw happening just what I found in Toledo: disheartened men outside the factory gates, over-worked relief agencies, harassed merchants and landlords, homes where children were cold and hungry, where living standards were debased, self-respect broken, family relationships wrecked. And next year, unless there is a concerted change in policy and in method, the same thing, differing only in extent, will be the rule again. For winter in the automobile towns means "the big seasonal slump" in an industry where irregular production, broken time, intentional labor surplus, poor cooperation between management and workers are taken for granted.

"But the uncertainty is the worst," the automobile workers tell you when you talk with them. And here, indeed, is the unpardonable crime of disorganized industry—that in our modern civilizations men and women and children should endure unending strain and insecurity, not knowing today whether tomorrow will yield the day's work and the day's wage on which depends the life of the body and of the spirit.

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THE GANGSTER TRAUMATISM

(*Continued from page* 665)

outraged. Here, too, where it can only avenge itself with the revolver or the bomb or the black-jack. I need only add that—as all respectable people are inclined to forget or be ignorant of—there can be matters of breach of faith at issue in a vulgar brothel brawl, cheated and cheater in a crooked gambling transaction, a fair and unfair division of the spoils of a burglary.

The sense of justice among thieves, let alone that mixed-mass called gangland, is indeed contrary to the common and even proverbial view, but it is very often extraordinarily ludicrously irritable as well as real. I remember a singular illustration. A few years ago, a notorious English criminal lay under sentence of death for the murder of a policeman, and a yellow newspaper induced him to write his memoirs before he was hanged. From internal evidence the result was obviously genuine; he showed himself as a professional thief, a thief by a sort of conviction all his life. *Ad nauseam* he recounted his exploits in this line. And boasted of them. And then half way through, he came to an instance in which he himself had been robbed by fraud of a stolen motor bicycle. One could almost feel the heat of the hate and indignation with which he reacted; he constructed an elaborate punishment for the dirty dog who had robbed *him*, which was to culminate in his being burnt to death. The hijacker is hated by the regular bootlegger worse than a grocer hates burglars. A hijacker can work himself into a paranoiac frenzy about a hold-back of five dollars in his pay. They are small, small people, pettifoggers at heart; litigious.

FIFTY CENTURIES VERTICAL

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pictures, medallions, statues are omnipresent, in public buildings, even in commercial and industrial establishments; his name, attached to streets, public squares, railroad stations, homes for the poor, schools, is everywhere a sort of talisman; a symbol holding up before the people of his own day the "unconquerable ideal"—*Pravda Vítězi*—of enlightenment, justice, truth; however in actual practice they may fall short of it.

It is true, of course, that behind his towering figure smaller men, truckling, scheming, use his name as camouflage. That is in the nature of things; the tribute that self-seeking littleness always pays to such as he. He stands above and apart from all factions, all controversies; impartial arbitrator to whom all parties listen, accepting with astonishing good spirit his guidance, his healing mediation, even his rebuke.

I heard of no appreciable enemy of Masaryk; none such as those in America who, now garlanding the tombs of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln—to say nothing of Woodrow Wilson—in their own day would have stoned them to death.

"Why do you have to guard your President with secret-service men and soldiers? Who would harm him?" I asked repeatedly. Always the same answer: "No one would injure him on his own account. He has no enemies. But we have. They would destroy him in order to destroy Czechoslovakia."

"Masaryk will die some time, of course, as all must die," Dr. Beneš said to me. "But when he dies it will be standing on his feet, with eyes facing forward."

True enough. As Socrates said with the cup of hemlock at his lips, "No harm can befall a good man, whether he be alive or dead." The danger is not for Masaryk. It is that when he dies or steps aside there will be no one entirely adequate to take his place. That is the weakness of patriarchal rule; the successors have still to learn self-government.

What country, what human institution, can abide comparison with its greatest souls, its own avowed standards and ideals? The only fair question after all is whether its movement on the whole is toward or away from them. Judged, as we may well judge our own country, by that criterion, it seems to me that this little new-old nation, free at last as Komenský promised, to rule over its own possessions fifty centuries deep, stands very high indeed. There its people, during the long periods when elsewhere the torch of human liberty was dead out, have fought and toiled and suffered incredibly, to keep it alight.

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